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## *The Folk of the Grail.*

### PART II.

#### *Objective and Subjective Culture.*

**T**HERE may be said to be two kinds of culture, one of which is objective and the other subjective. The objective culture of a people is shewn by its manners and customs, external religion, political institutions, arts, and so forth. That which we style subjective consists, on the other hand, in things unseen indeed, but which, nevertheless, are just as real. These intangible things of which we speak belong to the order of the following, namely, a people's way of looking at life in general, the texture, as it were, of the common mind—in fine, their natural genius according as the purport of their collective psychology discovers it to us.

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Now, as the spoken word is commonly but a singularly inadequate expression of the thought, so is the objective culture of a people apt to lag far behind its psychological content. Apart altogether from the inherent difficulty we experience in reducing our conceptions to acts, the purely extraneous causes of decay, failure, and defect in respect of those conceptions are always a formidable obstacle to their successful execution. Thus, a people whose cultural potentialities are of a very high order, may be prevented by a succession of untoward events from so improving those potentialities as to reduce them to facts. They may be cut off by some untoward political event before they have reached their cultural prime, or they may be required to fight for their economic existence under conditions which preclude all hope of consistent and enduring cultural self-improvement in accordance with the dictates of their natural genius. These are but two of the disabilities to which races are exposed; and races are not less exposed to the vagaries of fortune and the strokes of fate than are individual men. The slightest reflexion should suffice to raise up in the mind dozens of notable instances wherein the growth of promising peoples has been stunted, and flattering cultures have been cut off merely, apparently, because the first deserved to come up, and the second to flourish, and to enjoy a long life.

But though the overt obstacles to full cultural expression are numerous and formidable enough, yet are those others that inhabit our souls, or dwell in our minds, no less inimical (if indeed they are not greatly more so) to full and sufficient self-revelation in culture.



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It may be, of course, that the ancient Egyptians fully attained this end : but the matter is doubtful. What the Cretans did to realise their genius hardly may we ever know, though, if size of building is any true criterion of merit, that clever people would appear to have cultivated successfully a stupendous genius. But before we say anything touching the Greeks, who supply the most notable example of a successfully cultural people that can be had, it were well that this initial difficulty of self-revelation or self-realisation in respect of cultural impulse should be examined a little more narrowly.

What is bred in the bone does not necessarily come out in the flesh, as the old adage would have it. In other words, the mind of man is so formed that, as a rule, it is more receptive than constructive ; which happens, we take it, not so much by reason of the limitations of the human mind, as by virtue of the fact that its means and opportunities of self-expression are relatively small. The difficulty of translating into action what our minds conceive is always considerable ; and the higher one thinks, the more formidable his disabilities, and the greater the obstacles. In the political world, the difficulty of grasping first principles, of ordering a line of conduct in conformity with the genius of the few essentials—the Natural Laws—that dominate that province is seen in the ever fashionable propensity to opportunism and empiricism—in other words in trusting, more or less, to chance and luck in order to “ muddle through ” any given situation or crisis. But statesmen and politicians are not singular in this respect. They are by no means the only devotees of blind chance. The impulse we speak of is just as strong

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collectively as it is in respect of individual men. Few national minds have achieved the best of that which, there is every reason to believe, they were capable. The first principles by which they should act may be subconsciously, or even consciously, conceived and, in a manner, grasped by the nation; but that does not imply that those first principles will be carried into effect, even partially, much less perfectly. As soon as they are formed in the collective mind they will be subjected to innumerable internal crosses, of which the natural tendency of ideas to dissipate and to dissolve, as soon as ever they are formed, is, perhaps, the most considerable. "Wayward" is the best epithet which we can apply to the workings of the human genius in the mass. Those effects are wayward and uncertain because, independent altogether of externalities, they spring from an internal source—the mind of man—wherein there is always going on a bitter conflict between theory and practise, between the natural impulse of the collective mind to seek the highest good, and the forces of humour, of procrastination, of doubt, timidity, subservience to current convention and opinion, and the thousand and one other such motives that tend to cripple action and to spoil principle.

The objective culture of a people—the visible effects of their genius as manifested in the principal concerns of life—is not the only thing to which regard should be had in endeavouring to determine the cultural position of any given people. The mind also of that people must be considered, and the potentialities of it<sup>1</sup>, as

<sup>1</sup> To bring these out, the comparative method is best, and individual idiosyncracies should be placed in the same scale with collective tendencies.

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contrasted with its actual performances, must be carefully weighed. Naturally, the vicissitudes of peoples and the story of their general fortunes will also fall to be carefully noted.

### *Greeks and Celts.*

If ever there was a people to whom it were just to apply the epithet of "fortunate," that people is the ancient Greeks. Hellas was fortunate in her genius, and fortunate in her circumstances also. The Greek genius was exceptionally fortunate in that it was given to it to flourish at a period of the world's history which was extraordinarily favourable to its efflorescence. The simultaneous occurrence of two such conjunctures—high genius combined with favourable opportunity—could not fail to produce the splendid spectacle of fourth century Hellas. But even so, the Greek genius and culture are more remarkable on account of their potentialities than they are so by reason of their actual achievements, astonishing though both these were. When we get in touch with the Greek mind, we instinctively feel that, in spite of the many unrealised potentialities vista'd to us through that channel, here is the truly fortunate mind—the master-genius of all ages. And yet how imperfect is that culture—the best that any nation has produced as yet—notwithstanding the exceptional opportunities enjoyed by the Greeks, their shining talents, and their keen perception of the eternal verities, love of and regard for which are man's only sure means of proving his superiority to the beasts that perish!

It is plain that this is not the place in which to attempt

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a detail of the Greek character. Every schoolboy knows its leading features. Everyone has heard about Greek "many-sidedness," their love of life and "colour," regard for freedom, "directness," and so forth. Neither probably, are the broad outlines of the Greek culture less familiar to the public. On the world's culture, that gifted and fortunate race has impressed the seal of its genius in indelible fashion, and it is no exaggeration to say that of all the various cultures known to us the Greek is the first, both by reason of the outstanding richness of its remains and the well-nigh inexhaustible wealth of its potentialities.

But we have undertaken to draw a comparison between the Celtic and the Greek culture; and how can this be done, in view of the ascendancy universally accorded the first, and the uncertainty that prevails touching the very elements of the second? Is it not too, a fact highly prejudicial to a just comparison that the Celts were cut off politically before they had time to unify and consolidate their power in Gaul, which was their capital centre? These considerations, and doubtless many others, that might be urged with just as much propriety, are serious obstacles, which are bound heavily to tax the ingenuity and the learning of the most zealous Celticist. And yet, that material exists for drawing the comparison glanced at above (and drawing it, too, with vigour, with that scrupulous regard for historic fact, and with that sparing employment of conjecture which are necessary unto verisimilitude) we firmly believe. Our own outline, however, must necessarily be brief: the subject is a large one, being indeed more suitable for a book or a set treatise



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than a magazine article ; and the resemblance of the Celtic to the Greek culture is, after all, but a part of our present theme.

How did the Greeks regard the ancient Celts ? What, moreover, was the nature of the normal relations of the two peoples ? Our opinion is that by first answering these two questions we shall best prepare the way for the comparison which we design to draw.

The " Classic " nations of antiquity were accustomed to refer to all those dwelling without the pale of their own civilisations as " barbarians." In the eyes of the Egyptian, the Greek was a barbarian. Persia caught up the cry and also visited it upon the Greeks, who, in their time, played it on to the Romans, who, as it were, retaliated by shouting it at all and sundry dwelling beyond the Alps. The chequered story of this epithet were well worth writing, but we must hasten on, contenting ourselves with observing, in passing, that the latest " barbarians " were, according to the wits and coxcombs of the Italian Renaissance, the peoples of Western Europe ; and that in the eyes of the Greek, the Celt was a " barbarian." Thus, a certain element of condescension and of patronage tinged, as it were, the foundations of the Greek attitude towards the Celtic members of the racial group to which the Greek himself belonged. The usual " traveller's tales " touching the manners and customs of the Celts were purveyed to the world through the channel of Greek letters—tales quite as extravagant, and as little flattering to the intelligence of those who uttered and accepted them, as were divers of the tales about the Germans which the English press put forth (and the



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Scottish obediently copied) during the course of the late war. Still, this somewhat whimsical veneer of Attic superciliousness was not laid on deep enough to conceal Greek admiration of the Celt's lively parts,<sup>1</sup> more especially as, mixed with that admiration, was Greek consciousness of the fact that the Celts admired the Greeks above all the races of the world; and surely knowledge of that sort is apt to render our judgments of those who so discover their sense and good taste wondrous kind. Ephorus, quoted by Strabo, states that the Celts were great admirers of the Greeks; and an anonymous Greek poem, dating back to the time of that historian, informs us that the Celts "practised the customs of the Greeks," and were on the most friendly terms with that people.<sup>2</sup>

There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the relations of the two peoples were uniformly friendly. The Celtic conquest of the Spanish peninsula much obliged the Greeks, whose rivals in trade the Phoenicians were. Further, the destruction of the Etruscan power by the Celts increased the obligations under which the Greeks lay with respect to that people, inasmuch as the Etruscans were the hereditary enemies of Hellas. These obligations and these bonds of amity were further increased and strengthened by the Celtic conquest of Illyrica, since that event enabled Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, to free Macedonia from the tribute which the Illyrians had imposed on his

<sup>1</sup> Poseidonius describes the Celts as acute-minded, and as quick to learn.

<sup>2</sup> Celtic justice and hospitality to Greek travellers are eulogised by fourth century Greek writers.

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country. The close and amicable relations established between the two peoples would appear to have subsisted subject to no interruption or untoward incident until the rape of Macedonia by that party of Celts which subsequently founded the important colony of Galatia. These particular Celts hailed from the east of the Rhine, and, dwelling on the outskirts of the Celtic territories, may be presumed to have been less civilised, and less subject to the restraints and discipline of the national policy than were the tribes of the interior and the south. Nevertheless, even these wild bands of rovers and reivers would appear to have been actuated by some regard for the traditionary friendship of Celt and Greek ; for it is to be noted that after their invasion of Macedonia they styled themselves "Gallo-Graecians;" and to the colony which they founded in Asia Minor they gave the name of Gallo-Graecia.

The principal characteristics of the Aryan civilisation and culture are reproduced, more or less faithfully, in each one of the civilisations associated to the various branches of that family. Thus, Celt and Slav, Teuton, and Latin, and Greek are the heirs of a common culture ; and were it not that each of these branches of the Aryan race has impressed its share of the common heritage with the stamp of its own genius, hardly should we be justified in speaking of those several contributions to modern European civilisation as constituting so many separate developments. The distinctions that prevail in respect of the phenomena at which we glance are, however, so strongly marked, are so important, and so numerous that the expressions "Greek culture," "Latin culture," and so forth, are not only

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demonstrably proper, but have been brought into usage in conformity with nature's first law, which is admittedly necessity. Moreover, though the first principles or essentials of the various existing European cultures are all traceable to a common origin, yet their divergencies, produced by borrowings, by climatic influence, by absorption (in varying degree) of pre-Aryan populations, and by the mere passage of time, are everywhere so considerable that, apart altogether from the effects of Aryan racial genius and idiosyncrasy on the superstructure of the common culture, the divisions of which we speak would be rendered necessary, even though we were not otherwise obliged to make them.

For purposes of cultural analysis and comparison, we apprehend that it is best to divide Europe into two parts, a southern and a northern. With respect first to the general aspect of this matter, and secondly to the part assigned to the Teutons and Slavs we have no observations to make on the present occasion, beyond venturing the opinion in passing that we think that the key to the true "philosophy of history" is held, not by the economic or the national, but by the racial factor. With regard to the southern part or division, our notion is that it will be found that Greek, Latin, and Celtic culture and civilisation bear a resemblance to one another which justifies their classification together, and that they possess features and characteristics which tend to cut off these cultures and civilisations from those inhabiting northern Europe. Further, we are of opinion that, within the limits of the grouping here postulated, it will be found that Greek

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and Celtic mentality and collective endeavour are nearer to one another than either Greek or Celt is to his copartner in southern Aryan culture, the Latin.

### *The principal points of resemblance between the Greek and Celtic cultures.*

It is now proper that we should briefly define these points, which are found occurring in very marked fashion throughout the whole body of the common Aryan culture. In the first place, the Celtic and Greek pantheons differed little, if at all, in respect of their compositions. In Caesar's time, the principal god of the Celts who believed in paganism was Mercury, the importance of whose vogue, under another name, at Athens needs no emphasis here. The choice of Mercury by the Celts as their chief god was an act of temperament on their part, whose importance can be scarcely exaggerated, in view of the functions, qualities, and attributes associated to that deity. There is no surer guide to a people's character than its religion; and this notable tendency to Greek intellectualism on the part of the Celts was further accentuated by the high place assigned to all branches of science, particularly philosophy, in the Celtic religious and ethical system. Here, plainly, is no place in which to embark on a detailed discussion of the phenomenon of Druidism; but it seems to us that the philosophic aspects of that system have not been sufficiently appreciated by most of those who have written on that subject. Our opinion is that the Druids were primarily philosophers, and that with them their judicial functions were, as it were, a secondary consideration. It is



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true that Caesar in his well-known enumeration of the Druidic functions and attributes places their philosophic purpose near the end of his list ; but it is noticeable that other writers, not less respectable as authorities than Caesar, proceed on a very different plan, if indeed the Roman observed any settled order, when he set down the characteristics of the Druidic Order, which is doubtful. For instance, Poseidonius states that the Druids studied nature and moral philosophy, their judicial functions (to their manner of discharging which he pays a high compliment) being ranked second. And Pytheas, quoting Aristotle, raises the question of whether philosophy did not originate among the non-Greeks, among whom he classes the Celts along with the Babylonians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Indians. The Celts (says Poseidonius) hold to the doctrine of Pythagoras, which teaches that the soul of man is immortal, and in confirmation of this statement he refers to the Celtic practice of casting on the funeral pyre letters addressed to the dead by the living, which proves, besides a belief in the immortality of the soul, that among the Celts there was a caste or class acquainted with the art of writing, allowing that this knowledge of letters was not then generally diffused among the people.<sup>1</sup>

Now, there was a celebrated Celtic philosopher, or Druid,<sup>2</sup> of the time of Caesar ; and this man, Divi-

Cf. the *Escribanos* of Spain, who still ply their trade in some parts of the south of the Celtiberian peninsular.

<sup>2</sup> "The earliest extant mention of Druids, the substance of which was reproduced in Diogenes Laertius's *Lives of the Philosophers* was made by Sotion of Alexandria about the commencement of the second century before Christ.—T. Rice Holmes, *Conquest of Gaul*.



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ciacus by name, throws some light on the dark problem we are presently touching. Caesar knew Diviciacus intimately, and Cicero tells us that he discussed religion and moral philosophy with him at Rome. This information, together with what Pliny, Poseidonius, Caesar, and other writers tell us about the Druids bears out the view of their functions and purposes advanced on the present occasion, *i.e.* that they were primarily a religio-philosophical caste, and in that respect resembled more the various Greek philosophical schools than they did the quasi-political priesthood that had to do with the conduct of the national religion at Rome. This view is further strengthened by the fact that during the course of the Vercingetorix rebellion the Druids, regarded as an order or corporation, would appear to have exerted no public influence whatever;<sup>1</sup> nor does it appear either that the successive Celtic hosts which invaded Italy many years previous to that event were accompanied with Druids, or that the Celtic army which laid waste Macedonia and penetrated into Asia Minor was similarly equipped, though great numbers

<sup>1</sup> "A singularly powerful priesthood numbering political leaders, like Diviciacus, among its ranks, might be expected in a national crisis to take some definite line, requiring notice in the *Commentaries*. Yet, omit two chapters, and, so far as the *Commentaries* go, the Druids might never have existed."—Professor Haverfield, *Eng. Hist. Rev.*, quoted by T. Rice Holmes in his *Conquest of Gaul*. The Professor begs the question, as it seems to us. We regard his assumptions touching the character of the Druidic order as disproved by the event, which he very properly regards as most singular. Besides being a Druid, Diviciacus was a political ruler, from which it follows that what he did in one capacity is not necessarily to be regarded as the measure of his functions and privileges in respect of the other.

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of bards and minstrels undoubtedly accompanied the Celts on the occasions mentioned above. If, therefore, the constitution and influence of the Druidic Order were such as they are commonly represented, it is not a little singular, as it seems to us, that in great crises of a politico-military nature, such as those that are glanced at above, the Druids should have been, so far as we can tell, conspicuous by their absence.

Returning to the subject of the Pythagorean creed touching the immortality of the soul, it is impossible to determine whether the Celts derived that creed from the Greeks or the Greeks (as Pytheas seemed half-inclined to think) got it from one of those peoples among whom the science of philosophy was thought, by some, to have originated. It has been suggested that the Pythagorean ideas were carried to the Celts through the channel of the Greek colony of Massilia, an hypothesis which would have undoubtedly a good deal to recommend it, were it not that Pytheas, himself a philosopher and a native of that city, so far from supporting it (which he must surely have done had the fact been according as it has been represented by some modern writers), throws, in his passage relating to the Druids and the origin of philosophy, the whole matter open to doubt. It is possible, of course, that Druidism was a peculiarly Goidelic institution, and that the Brythonic Celts adopted it when they displaced the Goidels and planted Gaul, a theory which receives some support from Caesar's statement to the effect that Britain (whither the Gaelic-speakers were driven) was commonly regarded in his day as the stronghold of the Druidical cult and doctrine. In any event, whether

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Pythagoras derived his notions touching the immortality of the soul from the Celts, or the reverse was the case, Greek and Celtic acceptance of that belief constituted a remarkable tie between the two peoples; and that ground of spiritual and intellectual union, it is worth while pointing out, was not shared by the Latins, until comparatively late in the history of their mental development.

### *The Greek and Celtic Politics.*

The political development of all the Aryan peoples, starting from the same source, everywhere pursued much the same lines. In the political province also, it is the distinctions, the outgrowth, for the most part, of common essentials, that enable us to distinguish between the various politics which unite to constitute political Europe. The patriarchal State was succeeded by one in which monarchism prevailed; monarchism, in course of time, gave place to democracy or republicanism, and, next, imperialism was superimposed on democracy. Such at all events was the order of political development among the Latins, but, in the case of the Celts and Greeks, the order of the succession of political theory was differently constituted. The first-mentioned people passed from the patriarchal state to one of monarchism, from that to rule by oligarchies and Tyrants; next, to democracy; and, finally, to imperialism. With respect to the Celts, the stages of their political development were as follows—(1) Patriarchism, (2) Monarchism, and (3) rule by Oligarchies and Tyrants. The probability is that had the Celts of Gaul been able to preserve their

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independence from the onslaughts of Romans on one hand and Germans on the other, their political development would have resembled, in its main features, that of the Greeks. When Caesar first invaded Gaul he found the country under the rule of oligarchies and Tyrants, though the friends and representatives of the fallen dynasties were everywhere busy plotting against the rule of the triumphant aristocracies, which proves that the change from monarchism to rule by oligarchies had not then long been consummated. And, whether or not that view is correct which regards the rebellion of Vercingetorix as a movement for the vindication of popular rights, we think that there can be little doubt but that, had the rebellion succeeded and Gaul been purged of the Romans, the destruction of that power in Gaul would have been followed, sooner or later, by the establishment of a Celtic democracy. The situation of the common people under the rule of the aristocracies was intolerable. Popular discontent with the Tyrants and oligarchies was deep and widespread ; and though the restoration of the monarchy would probably have been one of the first consequences of a successful rising against Rome, yet the temper and aspirations of the common people were such as to give every support to the view that the restored monarchy would not have long survived the restoration of Gaulish independence. It was the misfortune of Gaul, which, by reason of her more advanced civilisation, her great wealth, and the density of her population, was the leading Celtic country of the pre-Roman world, that she was cut off before her time—that she lost her independence, and, by reason of that fact, became Romanised, before she was



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indulged a fair chance, or, at all events, before the national consciousness was sufficiently alive to the importance, of improving and consolidating the best that was in her.

### *Greek and Celtic Art and Letters.*

The Celtic coinage was based on that of Greece; but, long before the former people began to coin money, they had come under the influence of Greek motives in art. It is true that some of the elements of the beautiful Celtic art known as *La Tène* were Greek merely in the sense that they were derived to the Celts of middle Europe through that channel, which was itself indebted to foreign sources for those elements or motives. Still, the fact remains that the early Greek and Celtic craftsmen used, to a large extent, a common style of decoration. No less is it true, too, that the Celtic craftsmen greatly improved on the principles derived to them through their correspondence with the Greek artificers, much excelling them in that way, and impressing on those borrowed motives the peculiar stamp of their genius in a manner yet more lively and distinctive than, apparently, the middlemen of this pleasing and useful traffic of ideas were able to do in respect of their own handiwork. Moreover, the beauty, imaginativeness, delicacy, and, if we may so express ourselves, spirituality characterising the form or type of decorative art known as *La Tène* were, doubtless, reflected in the national literature of the same period, which we are entitled to assume since the qualities we mention are certainly those which distinguish the extant early literature of the Celtic peoples. And here, again, Celt meets Greek.



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The wealthy Celtic nobles of Gaul much affected Greek culture. " Rich enthusiasts resorted to Massilia as a school of learning, and became so enamoured of Greek culture that they wrote their contracts in the language of their teachers " <sup>1</sup> Strabo's evidence on this head is indirectly supported by the fact that Latin characters on Gallic coins figure the less frequently thereon the further removed, in a point of time, the coins are from the date of the Roman penetration into Gaul ; so that, in all probability, the first coins minted in Gaul (which were copied from the old staters of Philip of Macedon) bore nothing but inscriptions in the Greek character. The script at present in use in Gaelic Ireland is plainly derived from the Latin : in fine, these are but the Latin characters Celticised. Nevertheless, traces of Greek influence are very pronounced even in this Romano-Celtic Script.

The early, as indeed the later and modern, literatures of the various Aryan peoples discover certain features which they share in common, which is only to be expected, inasmuch as the languages in which these literatures are composed, are one and all sprung from the original Aryan tongue. Nevertheless we think that, where it is possible to draw a comparison between Greek and Celtic literature, it will be found that these two literatures are more related to one another in respect of form and spirit than are any two other literatures which owe their existence to the Aryan peoples.

We have already touched on the subject of the remarkable resemblance of Celtic decorative art to the fruits of the same genius, according as these are re-

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to Rice Holmes's *Conquest of Gaul*.

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vealed to us in letters. The extraordinary likeness of much early Celtic poetry to the Greek poems that have come down to us is the effect, we are persuaded, not only of a certain common observance of form and matter, but also of a certain identity of psychological and intellectual aim. Let us first ascertain for ourselves the predominating characteristics of Celtic nature poetry (in respect of which the resemblance between the two literatures will be the sooner perceived and the more readily grasped) and then proceed to strike the comparison we design by appending some evidence in support of it, drawn from English sources.

In the preface to his translated *Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry*, the late Professor Kuno Meyer wrote as follows :—

“ In Nature poetry, the Gaelic muse may vie with that of any other nation. Indeed, these poems occupy an unique position in the literature of the world. To seek out and watch and love Nature, in its smallest phenomena as in its grandest, was given to no people so early and so fully as to the Celt. Many hundreds of Gaelic and Welsh poems testify to this fact. It is a characteristic of these poems that in none of them do we get an elaborate or sustained description of any scene or scenery ; but rather a succession of pictures and images which the poet, like an impressionist, calls up before us by light and skilful touches. Like the Japanese, the Celts are always quick to take an artistic hint : they avoid the obvious and the commonplace. The half-said thing to them is dearest.”

Now, the qualities which this critic finds in the Celts and the Japanese could be postulated with more propriety, we apprehend, in respect of the Celts and the Greeks, though we by no means impugn the Japanese claim to a share of these merits. Regard this picture from Homer :—

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" Meadows by the banks of the grey sea, soft water-meadows,  
At the harbour-head flows bright water, a spring from under  
a cave,

Long breakers, rolling to the land."<sup>1</sup>

Or take this stroke (a fragment) of Sappho, descriptive of an apple left ungathered on the tree :—

" As the sweet-apple reddens on a bough's end, at its very end ;  
the gatherers have forgotten it ; nay, they did not forget, but could  
not reach it."<sup>2</sup>

These, and many similar examples, to which Mr. Livingstone calls attention either under the head of " The Note of Beauty," or under that of the various other " Notes " for which he justly thinks the music of the Greek genius is remarkable can be paralleled easily with similar, and, we think, just as striking effects drawn from Celtic sources. Consider " Summer is gone," a translation by Kuno Meyer of an old Irish poem.

My tidings for you : the stag bells,  
Winter snows, summer is gone.  
Wind high and cold, low the sun,  
Short his course, sea running high.  
Deep-red the bracken, its shape all gone—  
The wild-goose has raised his wonted cry,  
Cold has caught the wings of birds :  
Season of ice—these are my tidings.

It would be easy to match these extracts with other specimens, drawn from the two sources we have indicated ; but we must hasten on, however reluctantly, to discharge the main purpose of the present paper, which is, not to praise the dead, but to rouse the living. Materials in English dress, in order to the completion of

<sup>1</sup> Professor Livingstone's translation in *The Greek Genius, and its Meaning to us*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

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the comparison we have here set on foot, exist in fair abundance, so far as Celtic endeavour is concerned, and more richly (and more accessibly) so far as Greek achievement is involved. In fine, Greek love of beauty, of freedom, their tendency to "directness," humanism, sanity, and many-sidedness ; all these qualities, which are justly associated to the Greek history and genius, are, we contend, no less applicable to those of the Celts. We do not affirm that all the characteristics of Greek and Celtic literature have been denied to the literatures of the other Aryan peoples. We are well aware, indeed, that some are so distributed ; and, having regard to the circumstances attending the birth of literature in Aryan Europe, nothing would surprise us more were the fact contrary to our present statement of it. But, making all due allowances, as well in this particular province of literature as in others we could name, for a community of values arising out of a complete identity of origin as regards race, our contention is that Greek and Celtic literature have certain strongly marked features in common, and that these qualities are not shared by any other Aryan people, or, alternatively, if they are shared, are not participated in by them to that extent and in that degree which are common to the Celts and Greeks.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "In the Irish stories of Finn and Cuchulain there is a great deal of beauty and heroism and romance ; but their world is palpably unreal and inhuman. Hills which emit white birds and unwoundable pigs, thistle-stalk, and fuzzballs which take the appearance of armies, witches who shoot heroes through a hole in the leaf . . . things like these may be found in Homer ; but the Irish writer is utterly given over to them." Thus, Professor Livingstone in *The Greek Genius*. That the Irish writers of the Cuchulain saga were "utterly given over" to themes such as these, we as



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### *Europe and the Racial Principle.*

Having drawn our brief, and, we fear, all too perfunctory, comparison of the Greek and the Celtic genius to a close, the application of the principles of knowledge so derived to us should be our next concern. To this end, it is necessary that what is styled the "content" of modern Celticism should first be stated clearly. The authorities, as certain of the potentialities, contained in this politico-cultural creed must be indicated, the first with all due precision and vigour, and the second with as much of those qualities as a strict regard to actualities, and the tendency of current events, will allow us to employ. But, before we proceed to discharge this necessary task, we judge it proper at the present conjuncture to revert once more to the question of racial Europe.

We have already given it forth as part of the faith that is in us that modern Europe (than whose existing state nothing could well be at once more alarming and melancholy) is the effect of centuries of flagrant neglect, not of the national principle (which has been persistently and injuriously exploited) but of the *racial* principle and sentiment. We have already invited our readers to envision a state of affairs in which Europe, as well

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utterly deny; and the best proof that they were not so prostituted by those that handled them is, we contend, to be found in the poems themselves. The incidents at which the Professor glances are little more extravagant and hardly more numerous in the Irish poems than they are so in the Greek epic. Besides, if Professor Livingstone wished to institute a just comparison between the Celtic and the Greek genius, as revealed in the Epic, he should have gone, so far as the Celts are concerned, to the *Táin* and not to the Ossianic poems.



## The Folk of the Grail

political as cultural, shall be given up to, and fashioned by, the great principle we mention ; and we again invite our readers narrowly to look at that prospect. Assuming that the general opinion of Europe shall come to favour the revolution we advocate, it is obvious that, under it, the cultural, as the political, unit would be supplied, not, as at present, and heretofore, by the nation, but by the race. Under this scheme, therefore, political and cultural Europe would be split up into its original component parts as regards race, the whole being bound and kept together by the ties of a common consciousness of brotherhood in the Aryan family.<sup>1</sup> Thus, the various Teutonic peoples of Europe (English, German, Dutch, Danes, etc.) would coalesce, first of all culturally, and next (after that the foundations of confederation should have been well and truly laid by the means we indicate) in a political way. Similar groupings (primarily cultural and ultimately political as regards nature and design) would take place of course, in respect of the other branches of the Aryan race, Slavs, Greeks, Latins, and Celts, each one of

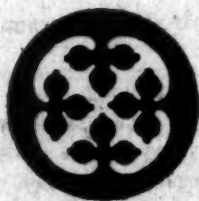
<sup>1</sup> Though the researches of Broca, Sergi, and the physical anthropologists generally have done something to modify the Aryan theory, as it was originally promulgated by the linguistic ethnologists, yet in its broad features that theory still holds good. As a recent critic in the *Athenaeum* justly remarks, "the mystery (of the Sergi notions) is, how the relatively barbarous northern invader could receive so much more than he gave by way of culture, and yet be wholly a giver in respect of that essential element of culture, language." That, indeed, is a mystery which Sergi, and others of his school, have failed completely to solve hitherto ; and it is just that complete failure to solve it which is the salvation of the rival theory as a working hypothesis which is broadly reconcilable with the principal facts of the case.

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these seeking out their respective " racials," and uniting them to themselves in the bonds of great confederacies designed, first of all to promote the interests of the cultures held in common, and, secondly, to improve, through the channel of generous and friendly inter-racial rivalry, the civilisation of Aryan Europe as a whole, as well as to preserve it from internal and external attack.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It would not be desirable, though it were possible, to exclude the non-Aryan racial elements from entry into the grand European confederation postulated by these remarks. These racial elements, preserving their own cultural and political autonomy, should be invited to cast in their lot with Aryan Europe, and to contribute their quota of endeavour to the good of the whole.

*(To be continued).*



## Scottish and Irish Labour Colleges.



Mr. Patrick MacGill's new Irish novel, "Maureen," there is a vivid pen picture of the Sinn Fein Movement—a movement which promises to open a new era in the history of an ancient race. Late one evening in autumn, some of the youthful rebels, and their friends of an older generation, had "foregathered" in the house of Condry Heelagh, the cobbler. Perhaps there was little in the cobbler's house to distinguish it from hundreds of similar dwellings in Donegal, but one passage in Mr. MacGill's narrative arrested my attention:—

Pinned to the wall under the fowling piece was the photo of the man James Connolly who gave his life for an ideal in the Easter rising in Dublin. Under the photo was a trenchant truth scrawled in ink: "MURDERED BY A FOREIGN POWER TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY."

Beneath this was a parody on a poem once written by T. D. Sullivan:

"Freedom is a holy thing,  
For so our gracious rulers say—  
And what they say its me to sing  
In quite a legal proper way.  
They praise it up with all their might,  
And praise the men who seek it too;  
Provided all the row and fight  
Is out in Belguim. 'Thiggin tu?"

'Thiggin tu? Do you understand? Colloquially—See my point?

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That glimpse of a Sinn Feiner's cottage reveals as in a flash the spirit which animates the new generation of Irishmen, and the high place which the dead Irish leader still holds in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. It may even be that James Connolly dead will exercise a more direct and more powerful influence on the national life of Ireland than even James Connolly living would have done. He has won a place alongside the heroes and martyrs of Irish song and story. Neither tablet of marble nor monument of brass or stone is necessary to perpetuate his memory. He lives in the hearts of the Irish people, but at the same time one notes with feelings of lively interest the proposal to establish in Dublin a James Connolly Labour College, where the ideals for which the Irish patriot lived and died would be taught and studied; a college which would form a visible memorial and an enduring tribute to the man who gave his life for Ireland.

The James Connolly College movement is in itself an indication of the new spirit which is abroad—not in Ireland only, but in Scotland and England as well. It may be well, therefore, to examine in some detail the objects and ideals which the promoters of the Labour Academies have in view, and the possibilities of this new educational campaign.

"We must educate our masters," was the caustic comment of a cynical politician when the Franchise Act was passed which gave the vote to thousands of working men who had hitherto been political helots. There was wisdom in the suggestion, for an ignorant democracy is as dangerous as an untrained engine-driver in charge of an express train, or an unqualified captain



## Scottish and Irish Labour Colleges

in command of an ocean liner. Nay, more, an ignorant democracy is as grave a menace to national well-being and to the world's peace as a scheming and ambitious Kaiser or a weak-willed and superstitious Tsar.

But the world's conception of education in the political sense has undergone a revolutionary change during the past thirty years. The old dividing line between Liberalism and Conservatism has disappeared. Mr. Codlin and Mr. Short may still pose as rivals for the votes of the electors, but they are being rapidly found out. New problems have come to the forefront, and vital and dominant issues challenge the attention of the world. Democracy is assuming a deeper and broader meaning. Politically, socially, industrially—and in the realm of ethics—the old order is being challenged. The “masters”—the democracy—are no longer content to accept the discredited dogmas of the older school of economists. The “masters” indeed are becoming suspicious of the platitudes doled out to them by their self-appointed teachers under the guise of education. Democracy is producing its own leaders, its own political creed, its own economic philosophy; and by press and platform and labour colleges is conducting an active educational propaganda.

The Labour College movement is one of the most interesting developments of latter-day democracy. The Scottish Labour College in Glasgow, the proposed James Connolly College in Dublin, and kindred organisations on the other side of the Tweed—all these new movements are indications of the disapproval of the leaders of labour of the outworn creeds of the older school of economists, and of the recognition by the working

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classes of these kingdoms of the importance of education in the broader and deeper sense of the word—of the fundamental truth that only an earnest and enlightened democracy can wisely control the destinies of Europe and of the world.

<sup>1</sup> Although of comparatively modern growth the Scottish Labour College is already firmly established. The Council has been in existence since 1915, but owing to war-time conditions some time elapsed before the projects of the promoters took concrete shape. On 12th February, 1916, a conference was held in the Co-operative Hall, Clarence Street, Glasgow, at which some 500 delegates were present from Trade Union, Co-operative, and Socialist organisations. An address was to have been delivered by Mr. John Maclean, but six days before the date of the conference that redoubtable champion of insurgent labour was invited to become a temporary guest of the English King at Edinburgh Castle. His place, however, was taken by Mr. James D. MacDougall, who delivered a composite address embodying his own views and those of Mr. John Maclean on the Labour College Scheme. After the proposal had been very fully discussed, the following resolution, moved by Mr. Thomas Scott, Co-operative Educational Committee, and seconded by Mr. William M'Creath of the A.S.E., was unanimously passed:—

That this Conference of Delegates from Labour Colleges in Scotland approves of the establishment of a Scottish Labour College, and

<sup>1</sup> For information regarding the progress of the Scottish Labour College I am indebted to Mr. William Leonard, the Secretary of the Council, who has kindly placed at my disposal many interesting details regarding the work of the College and plans of the promoters regarding future developments.

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agrees to the appointment of a Provisional Council with full powers to act until the first Annual Conference of the Scottish Labour College.

That was the beginning of the Scottish Labour College. The provisional committee set to work at once, and during the winter session of 1917-18, seventeen classes were organised in various districts. These were attended by some 1500 students—a modest beginning certainly, but quite sufficient to show that there was a living interest in the movement, and that there was a genuine desire on the part of the working men of Scotland—and particularly the thinking section of the younger generation—to profit by the instruction provided by the College.

And the movement (like Topsy) has "grewed" every day since its inauguration. At present there are thirteen evening classes at the College in Glasgow, with an attendance of 565 students. The district classes throughout Scotland number 43, and when the full returns come in at the end of December it is expected that for the whole of Scotland there will be a roll of over 2000 students. That is a wonderfully good record for two years' work. The heather may not yet be ablaze, but the seed that is being sown throughout Scotland by the Labour Colleges will spring up in the fulness of time, and yield an abundant harvest. To those, like myself, who remember the pioneer-days of thirty years ago when a little band of Scottish iconoclasts set themselves to turn the world upside down to the tune of "The Red Flag" and "The Marseillaise," the recent developments in the Labour movement are a source of gratification and inspiration.

But the promoters of the Scottish Labour College

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do not intend to restrict their activities to evening class work only. "In 1920," says the Secretary, "we hope to have students, sent and supported by Labour organisations, and devoting all their time to study." The general plan of study and the aims of the College are thus set forth :—

Not the least important work of the College will be the establishment of Sunday and Evening Classes, Study Circles, and Correspondence Tuition on such subjects as Economics, Industrial History, Trade Union History, Trade Union Structure and Problems, The Co-operative Movement : Its History and Problems, Public Speaking and the conduct of Meetings.

The Provisional Council expects shortly to have organised a network of classes in every district of Scotland, working through District Committees representative of all sections of organised labour. The classes and study circles will be supplied with competent lecturers and tutors, and with every requisite for the work. The College will consist, therefore, not only of students who devote their whole time to study for longer or shorter periods under a permanent staff of tutors, but of the whole mass of students, whether devoting the whole of their time, or only their too brief leisure hours to study.

Such is the general scheme of study which the promoters have in view. The College is dependent solely on the Labour movement for its support, and is not in anywise under the control of the University. I expect that most of the supporters of the Labour Academy are of opinion that our Universities are the last refuges of the outworn creeds and discredited dogmas of political economy. They realise that not economics only, but the whole pageant of history must be examined from a new point of view—that the record of social, industrial, and political progress, of trade union and Co-operative development is of more importance than lurid narratives of the doings of crowned popinjays or



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of the cut-throat bandits who have left their red fingerprints on the pages of history." Literary flunkeys, masquerading as historians, have perverted the meaning of our nation's story, and smothered the central lessons of history by the platitudes of romantic fiction. The world would lose but little although two-thirds of the pedantic futilities served up as "history" were burned at the hands of the common hangman. The story of Scotland and of Ireland—the story of Labour's travail in Europe—must be written with new vision and inspiration, and presented from a fresh point of view at our Labour Colleges, if the students—the leaders of the Labour movement of the future—are to obtain a clear and comprehensive grasp of the problems of modern society. That is one of the tasks to which the pioneers of the Labour Colleges have set their hand.

The curriculum of the Scottish Labour College is on broad and comprehensive lines; the subjects of study and discussion range from Economics and Industrial History, English Composition, and Public Speaking, to Mathematics and Esperanto. Co-operation and Trade Unionism are also included. Important subjects all of them; far be it from me to belittle the value of an adequate training in Social and Industrial History and a thorough grounding in Economics—even Marxian economics. These things are necessary, as well as a knowledge of the rudiments of English Composition and Public Speaking, if the Labour leaders of the future are to acquit themselves creditably in the big industrial conflicts that are coming. At the same time one cannot help feeling that the programme has its short-comings and its limitations. Bread and butter

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do not comprise the whole of life, although they are essential to a full and healthy existence. A knowledge of the creed of Karl Marx is not without its value, although the Marxian philosophy is not immaculate; the founder of German Socialism did not utter the last word on industrial economics. As a matter of fact, Karl Marx himself was never a Marxian; and it may be confidently predicted that were he to return to-day from the Land of Shadows he would be less of a Marxian than ever.

Scottish Socialism and the Scottish Labour movement as we know it to-day owe little, if anything, to the crude materialism of Karl Marx. The Scottish Labour movement is of native growth; its roots go deep down into our national history. It owes its inspiration to Robert Burns and the early land reformers; to Thomas Ogilvie and Thomas Spence; to Thomas Muir of Hunter's Hill, and the Scottish political martyrs, to the Chartist pioneers of the Thirties and Forties of last century, to the Trade Union revival of the early eighties, to the spade work of the Highland Land League, and later, to the patriotic zeal and fervour of Mr. Keir Hardie, and the indomitable band of Scottish pioneers who founded the Independent Labour Party more than a quarter-of-a-century ago. These were the heralds and the fore-runners of the Scottish Labour movement; the Marxian influence even at its best is artificial and exotic.

While one welcomes the formation of the Scottish Labour College, and heartily appreciates the good work that Mr. John Maclean and his colleagues are doing, that approval should not blind us to the limitations of

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the movement. These limitations I have already hinted at ; but it may be well to examine them in more detail. It is not true friendship to shut one's eyes to the weaknesses of the Labour College movement. There is, it seems to me, a tendency on the part of some of the leaders of the movement to regard economics as the be-all and end-all of life, to the exclusion of the ethical and spiritual aspects of education. They are apt to forget—as Marxian materialists do sometimes forget—that man has a soul as well as a body, and that he does not and cannot live by bread alone.

The danger is a very real one. Just the other week I had a long and interesting talk with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on this and various kindred subjects. The occasion was the visit of that eminent author to Scotland. Many different topics were discussed—from science and philosophy to scraps of Scottish history, spiritualism, and materialism, things in the heavens above and things in the earth beneath ; wars and rumours of wars, and the Labour and political outlook. Now, I have never been able to see eye to eye with the creator of Sherlock Holmes on spiritualist matters. The " new revelation " leaves me sceptical ; but I felt then, and feel now, that there was force and logic in his contention that there is a spiritual as well as a material aspect of life, and that the former is frequently overlooked by the leaders of the Labour movement. That is one of the weaknesses of the Marxist philosophy. The materialist conception of history—though it emphasises certain truths which the romanticist school is apt to overlook—is not a complete explanation of the great world movements, or of the relation of mankind

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to the bigger world of life. I think it well, therefore, to urge that in the Labour College the ethical aspect of the industrial problem should be emphasised, and that the deeper spiritual truths of life should not be lost sight of.

Another weakness which a critical examination of the Labour College curriculum reveals is the absence of any definite place for the study of Scottish history from the national and democratic point of view. That, indeed, is an amazing omission. The general course of studies adopted at the College I have already indicated; the books recommended for pupils include "Capital," by Karl Marx; "Economics of Industry," by A. Marshall; "Trade Unionism," by C. M. Lloyd; "The World of Labour," by G. D. H. Cole; "Working Men Co-operators" (The Co-operative Union); "Industrial History," by Gibbins; "Evolution of Modern Capitalism," by J. A. Hobson; "English Grammar," by Nesfield; "English Literature," by Stopford Brooke, "Julius Caesar," by Shakespeare; "The Earthly Paradise," by W. Morris; Peacock's "Selected Essays," "History of Politics," by Edward Jenks; "The Coming Force," by F. H. Rose; "Easy Outlines of Evolution," by Dennis Hird; and "Elementary Algebra," by Hall and Knight. I give the list in full, not on account of what it contains, but because of the extraordinary omissions which must at once strike the impartial observer. Not a single distinctively Scottish book in the whole selection! Not a single book bearing directly on Scottish history, on Scottish land and labour problems, or on any phase whatever of Celtic literature. Scottish authors are conspicuous by their absence.



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And that, too, in a Labour College for Scottish working-men and women !

Far be it from me to belittle the works selected by the College authorities. "Capital" may have its defects and limitations, but it is at anyrate a tough morsel for budding economists to try their teeth on, and Brooke's "English Literature" is an admirable little book. "Working-men Co-operators" fills a niche of its own in the Labour bookshelf, but no one would ever suspect from reading it that the pioneers of Co-operation in the United Kingdoms were a little group of Scottish miners who discovered the merits of associated trading, thirty or forty years before the Rochdale pioneers founded their historic store. I have no desire whatever to indulge in captious criticism—the cheapest and most worthless of all kinds of literary fault-finding—but I feel very strongly that, in a Scottish Labour College, Scottish Literature, Scottish Land and Labour problems, and Scottish National History ought to be adequately represented. Scotland may be relegated to the background in our ordinary Schools and Colleges, but there is no reason why Scottish history—and particularly Scottish Political History of the past 120 years, should be omitted from the Labour College curriculum. The story of the Scottish political martyrs, the economic teachings of the early Scottish Land reformers, the black story of the Highland clearances—all these things ought to receive at least as much prominence in the curriculum of a Scottish Labour College as the history of the Sassenach Co-operators. Sir William Maxwell's "History of Co-operation in Scotland" ought to receive a place alongside the

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English publications. Prof. Rait's little volume on "Scotland," in the Home University Library series, might usefully be added, even although the views of our distinguished historian on the economic effects of the Union are open to criticism; and if the theory of evolution is to be studied, students will find Professor J. Arthur Thomson a much more reliable, as well as a more helpful and entertaining guide than Mr. Dennis Hird. A useful counterblast to the quasi-Syndicalist theories of Mr. G. D. H. Cole might be provided by a breath of Scots common sense from Mr. J. R. Macdonald, while there are at least a dozen Scottish authors—pioneers of Labour in the north—who have written more illuminatingly on the meaning of the new democracy than the writer of "The Coming Force." In brief, I adhere very strongly to the view that in the curriculum of a Scottish Labour College, Scottish history, Scottish philosophy, Scottish literature, Scottish art, and Scottish industry ought to be fully and adequately represented.

It is highly desirable, too, that the study of our ancient Scottish language should receive some attention from teachers and students alike. There is no lack of qualified teachers in Glasgow and the Highlands, and the time spent on that fantastic, artificial, and mongrel cult that passes under the name of Esperanto might more fittingly and more profitably be devoted to the study of the Gaelic tongue, and the large and important field of Celtic literature. The cause of Scottish national independence has been placed in the forefront of its programme by the Scottish Labour Party, and the Union of Scottish Labour and Scottish Nationalism

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ought to find a fitting reflex in the curriculum of the Labour College. I think I may confidently predict that when the James Connolly College is opened in Dublin the promoters will not be open to the reproach that they are interested in the social and industrial history of every country but their own.

This brings me now—by what Patrick MacGill's Eamon Na Sgaddan would have termed a natural but circumlocutory route—to the point at which I started—the proposal to establish a James Connolly College in Dublin as a tribute to the memory of the man “who gave his life for an ideal.” To me the scheme has a special, almost a personal, interest. The Commander of the little Republican army which hurled defiance at a mighty Empire, was one of my oldest friends in the Labour movement. I met him first in Edinburgh in the early nineties, and, although our pathways parted for a time—particularly during Mr. Connolly's absence in America—I think I may claim that for more than a quarter of a century he was one of my personal friends. I remember as vividly as though it was yesterday, our first meeting in Edinburgh. Mr. Connolly was at that time working as a carter by day, and in the evenings and during the week-ends was reading and studying—equipping himself for his coming life's work—or preaching the Labour message at the street corners and in the public places of the city—preaching with a zeal and enthusiasm that never wavered or faltered during the whole of his busy life. He lived at that time with his wife and family in a couple of rooms in the top storey of a crowded tenement, and only a glance was necessary to tell that his home life

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was singularly happy. The children who greeted him with merry prattle as he ascended the stair will now be "men and women grown," but that picture of the young Irish agitator and his family is still to me a pleasant and an abiding memory. From that time onwards I met him frequently at working-class conferences, and during his stay in Scotland I was closely associated with him in various public activities. I am not sure that we always agreed on matters of public policy, but from what I saw of James Connolly in those days I formed a very high impression of his personal character, his singleness and sincerity of purpose, and the zeal and enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the cause in which he was interested.

When his Socialist activities brought him into conflict with his employers (the Cleansing Department of the Town Council) he returned to Ireland and there commenced an active Labour propaganda. The moment may have been inopportune, the movement premature, but whatever the explanation, that first attempt to form a Labour Party in Ireland met with little success. Mr. Connolly next went to America, where he edited the Socialist "Harp"—a brilliant little paper which sought to enlighten the Irish Americans regarding the new ideals of Labour and Democracy. But Ireland was his lode-star, and he turned his wandering steps once more to the land which was soon to be the scene of one of the most moving dramas in the history of the Labour movement. Back in Ireland he came into prominence during the great Dublin strike as Larkin's chief lieutenant. Jim Larkin I have never met, but I feel sure I am doing no injustice to that re-



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doubtable Irish agitator when I say that the lieutenant was a greater man than his chief. Connolly's was the brain behind the movement : his the mind that planned the historic revolt against Murphyism, his the pen which brought before the people of Ireland the truth regarding the squalid lives to which hundreds of working men and women of Dublin were doomed. That protracted Labour struggle was a stepping-stone in Connolly's career towards the armed revolt of Easter week.

How James Connolly, prudent and even moderate, with a strong predisposition in favour of constitutional methods, came to take up the mantle of Fintan Lalour is one of those puzzles in psychology which I have never yet been able to answer satisfactorily. Of one thing I am certain, no revolutionary leader ever took up the rifle more reluctantly than the Commander of the Irish Republic. Carson may have shown the way—and certainly a heavy responsibility rests on the mad-cap Ulsterman—and Murphyism may have nerved his arm, but there is every indication that Connolly cast in his lot with the insurgent Sinn Feiners with the full knowledge that the venture was a desperate one. I doubt if he shared the view of Padraic Pearse, who believed that it is the duty of every generation of Irishmen to shed their blood till Ireland is free. Rather, I think he saw in the revolt which he and his commander planned an opportunity to strike a blow for Ireland and for the Irish people. If the young men of Scotland and England could face death with a smile on the battlefields of France and Flanders, might not one Irishman—a hundred Irishmen, a thousand Irishmen—dare to strike a desperate blow for Freedom?

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Does not an Irishman know how to die? The blow might fail—or, again, it might succeed, partially at any rate—and Ireland would be a day's march nearer Freedom. An Irish writer, Mr. Robert Lynd, quotes the view of Mr. T. M. Kettle, that the Easter rising was planned in the spirit of Francis Adams's "Anarchists":—

" — a sombre, hateful desire  
Burns up slow in my breast,  
To wreck the great guilty Temple  
And give us rest!"

I do not think so. From what I know of James Connolly, I scarcely think the Easter rising was a mere outburst of despair. I feel certain it was not. "Mr. Connolly," Mr. Lynd says, "was so intensely occupied with the necessity of getting rid of the two-fold burden of foreign rule and capitalism and establishing a free nation in Ireland, that a hypothetical German conquest may have seemed to him merely a phantom." That, I doubt not, is perfectly true. I do not say it is a sound view, but it represented Mr. Connolly's attitude to the war, and it is necessary to understand that in order to realise the significance of the world-stirring events which followed. It was idealism rather than despair that provided the "driving force" of the rebellion: Labour triumphant, Ireland a nation once again. Was that ideal not worth sacrifice, even the sacrifice of life itself? Moreover, there was always the possibility that, with England's hands so fully occupied with the life-and-death struggle on the Continent, the cause of the Republic might have triumphed, temporarily at any rate, in Ireland. And even a temporary

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triumph would have been a big step forward towards the realisation of the Sinn Fein ideals. At worst they could only fail, and even failure would open a new chapter in the history of Ireland. That, I am convinced, is how the "great adventure" appealed to James Connolly. That view is borne out by Mr. Connolly's later writings, by one's knowledge of his character, and the impression one gathers from his friends who were associated with him in the Easter rising. It was a forlorn hope, no doubt, but forlorn hopes before now have led straight to glory; it was a madcap venture, but many desperate ventures have been crowned with success; the General who in war-time will not, when occasion demands it, stake all on one daring blow, had better return to the planting of his cabbages and the digging of his drains—there is no place for him as a leader of men in battle.

Thus James Connolly and his friends may have argued. They may have been wrong. They were wrong. They failed to realise the might of modern militarism, backed up by machine guns and field artillery. They failed to reckon with the ramifications of the English secret service—failed to realise that their schemes and their dreams were probably as well known at Dublin Castle and at Downing Street as they were at Liberty Hall. It may even be that, having once put their hand to the plough, they found it impossible to turn back—that one step led to another with such bewildering rapidity that they were swept on farther than they intended.

These surmises, suggestions, and reflections provide, I think, a more feasible explanation of the attitude of

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the rebels than the Lynd-Kettle theory that the rising was an outburst of despair—an attempt on the part of a blind and reckless Samson to destroy "the great guilty temple" and give the toil-worn workers rest. But, whatever the true explanation may be, the Red chapter in Irish history did not close when James Connolly, wounded and a prisoner, with leg shattered, faced the guns of the firing party, and finished his earthly pilgrimage with the crack of the rifles and the Sergeant's short, sharp words of command still ringing in his ears. "He died without bitterness," and "his conduct during his imprisonment and at his execution is said to have made a deep impression on the soldiers." Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien—the dauntless three—died no more bravely "on the scaffold high" than did James Connolly in the prison yard at Dublin. That is the unanimous testimony of friends and enemies alike.

Mistaken he may have been in some of his conclusions, but his errors were trivial compared with the black crimes of Ireland's rulers which were largely responsible for the Easter-tide rebellion. Nay, more, there are thousands of Scottish democrats who, were theirs the choice, would rather stand with James Connolly before the guns of English soldiers than side by side with the Sassenach Minister who sanctioned and sealed the fate of the Irish rebels. Five years of war may have weakened our sense of the sanctity of human life, but the "foreign rulers" of Ireland who can find no place in their scheme of things for our Pearses and Connolly's, save in front of the firing squad, who with frantic fury endeavour to stamp out national discontent with guns



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and bayonets, tanks, and artillery, whose political philosophy is summed up in the discredited word "Coercion"—these "rulers" who cannot rule stand condemned before the world as loud-mouthed demagogues (with the old Liberal rallying-cries on their lips and the rusty weapons of Toryism in their hands), blind leaders of the blind, and false prophets of humanity.

But James Connolly, although he passed prematurely into the World Beyond—"murdered by a foreign power to make the world safe for democracy"—is still a living and moving force in the political life of Ireland. As Mr. Robert Lynd truthfully says: "He bequeathed a creed and an example not only to Ireland, but to the world. Syndicalist, incendiary, agitator—call him what you like, it still remains true that his was the most vital, democratic mind in the Ireland of his day."

That social and political creed to which Mr. Lynd refers had much in common with the ideals of the Scottish nationalists, for James Connolly was one of the pioneers of the new Nationalism—democratic Nationalism—as distinct from the political quackery of the official Irish party. He realised the essential unity of National and Labour ideals; and to the teaching of that lesson he devoted the closing and most fruitful years of his life. He was deeply interested in the revival of Celtic culture, and both in his "Labour in Irish History" and his "Reconquest of Ireland" there are many traces of the influence of the Irish literary revival. He emphasises the significance of the destruction of Gaelic culture, particularly during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Irish

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children were taught to despise the language and traditions of their forefathers, and even by those from whom better things might have been expected the Gaelic ideas of equality and democracy were discredited. Anglo-Irish culture became a pernicious and reactionary influence, says Mr. Connolly in his "Foreword" to "Labour in Irish History."

To-day the majority of the Irish do not know that their fathers ever knew another system of ownership, and the Irish Irelanders are painfully grappling with their mother-tongue with the hesitating accent of a foreigner. Fortunately the Irish character has proven too difficult to press into respectable foreign moulds, and the recoil of that character from the deadly embrace of capitalist English conventionalism, as it has already led to a revaluation of the speech of the Gael, will, in all probability, also lead to a re-study and appreciation of the social system under which the Gael reached the highest point of civilisation and culture in Europe.

In the re-conversion of Ireland to the Gaelic principle of common ownership by a people of their sources of food and maintenance, the worst obstacle to overcome will be the opposition of the men and women who have imbibed their ideas of Irish character and history from Anglo-Irish literature.

Passages such as these make it quite clear that James Connolly was heart and soul with the Gaelic revival in Ireland; and that he was familiar with the latest results of Celtic scholarship and research. These were the principles that he preached in the highways and the byways of Ireland and presented with vigour and enthusiasm in the pages of "The Worker's Republic."

While Mr. Connolly adhered steadfastly to the ideals of his youth, there is less of the Marxian spirit in his later publications than in the speeches with which we were familiar in Scotland a quarter of a century ago.

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Indeed, I doubt whether Mr. Connolly was ever a Marxian in the strict sense of the word ; certainly he disliked and mistrusted the crude materialist dogmas with which the Marxian philosophy is generally associated. Politically, too, his outlook broadened, and he realised the possibilities not only of the movement for Irish independence, but also of the new Co-operative movement. But underneath all, and embracing all, was the ideal of a free Ireland, a Co-operative commonwealth.

The Gaelic League realises that capitalism did more in one century to destroy the tongue of the Gael than the sword of the Saxon did in six ; the apostle of self-reliance among Irish men and women finds no more earnest exponents of self-reliance than those who expound it as the creed of Labour ; the earnest advocates of Co-operation find the workers stating their ideals as a Co-operative Commonwealth ; the earnest teacher of Christian morality sees that in that Co-operative Commonwealth alone will true morality be possible, and the fervent patriot believes that his hopes of an Ireland re-born to national life is better stated, and can be better and more completely realised in the Labour movement for the reconquest of Ireland. . . . The objective aimed at is to establish in the minds of the men and women of Ireland the necessity of giving effective expression, politically and socially, to the right of the community (all) to control for the good of all the industrial activity of each, and to endow such activities with the necessary means.

The essential unity of Labour and National ideals—that was James Connolly's message to Ireland, and the study of these democratic principles will no doubt be the primary purpose of the Dublin Labour College. If, in the solitude of his prison cell, the Commander of the Irish rebel army had turned his thoughts for a moment to Scotland, where he spent many busy and

eventful years, his last words to his old friends in the Labour movement would, I feel certain, have been these: "Labour in (Scotland) tends to become more and more self-reliant, and in its self-reliance it discovers its strength. Out of such strong self-reliance it develops a magnetism which will draw to it more and more support from all the adherents of all the causes which in their entirety make for a regenerated (Scotland) . . . This . . . will mean the enthronement of the Scottish nation as the supreme ruler and owner of itself, and all things necessary to its people."

Mr. Connolly was deeply interested in the progress of Labour and Nationalism in Scotland. He was a warm admirer of Robert Burns, and appreciated his inspiring democratic teachings. He knew more than many Scotsmen of Thomas Muir of Hunter's Hill, and other pioneers of democracy in Scotland. He was familiar, too, with the results of historical research regarding early Celtic civilisation in Scotland, and would, I feel certain, have learned with a glow of pride and satisfaction of the closer union of our Irish and Scottish democracies which has been so gratifying a feature of the past few months.

One finds indication of that closer union not only in the support accorded to Labour candidates in Scotland by the Irish electors, but also in the practical assistance which has been given by the working-classes of Scotland to the Connolly Labour College. As the Irish "Watchword" rightly says: "This movement in Scotland has not been inspired from Ireland. It is the Scottish workers' own tribute to the memory of James Connolly, who, in virtue of his pioneer work for



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Labour in Scotland in the first thirty years of his life, is claimed by Scottish Labour as by Irish Labour." Large and successful gatherings—concerts and lectures—in support of the Irish College have been held in Glasgow, Dundee, and other Scottish centres. Mrs. Connolly and Nora Connolly have taken part in the proceedings; Connolly's Labour songs have been sung, and the unity of Scottish and Irish Labour ideals have demonstrated.

It is perhaps premature to say that the James Connolly Labour College is already established, but the foundations have been laid, the Constitution has been drafted, and a preliminary course of lectures on a modest scale is being delivered this winter. "Educate that you may be free" is the motto of the promoters. The Dublin Working-Class Education Conference was formed early in 1919, and at the second meeting on Sept. 28th, Mr. Joseph MacDonnell moved the adoption of the new Constitution, and "outlined the development of the idea of commemorating James Connolly by the establishing of a Labour College that would carry on his life work." Thus the Education Conference formally adopted the style and title of the James Connolly Labour College. Miss Nora Connolly was unanimously elected president, and a representative committee was appointed to carry on the work. Commenting on this notable event in the history of Irish labour, *The Watchword* (Oct. 11, 1919) says:—

Owing to the short notice given, the attendance of delegates was small, but very keen, and the Constitution proposed was the subject of close debate. The most noticeable feature is that in future half the committee will be composed of student delegates.

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The proposed course of eight lectures on Irish Industrial History will make a useful preface to a more extensive series of lectures after Christmas. The range of subjects is deliberately narrowed for one good reason—the scarcity of lecturers who can adopt the motto of the Plebs League: "We can promise to be candid but not impartial." The cant about a liberal education is in the air, but "liberal" is usually synonymous with "capitalist." The Connolly Labour College must be as uncompromising as the man whose name it bears.

From these excerpts it will be seen that the Irish College is being modelled on somewhat similar lines to the Scottish College—with this significant difference, that in the former Irish Industrial History is accorded the first place in the course of studies, while in the latter, the ancient Scottish language, Scottish history, and Scottish national ideals do not receive the place to which they are rightly entitled. The promoters of the Irish College, one may rest assured, will sound a vigorous note of national independence worthy of the man whose name and memory it is proposed to honour. It is to be hoped that the committee in charge of the Scottish College will also broaden out their curriculum so as to include every phase of the Scottish Labour movement.

In the union of Labour, Nationalism, and Co-operation lies the hope of democracy; the Co-operation of Scottish and Irish democracy is a bright omen for the future of the working-class movements. In Ireland there are troublous times ahead. The Tory oligarchy in England, which masquerades under the guise of a Coalition, has learned nothing, and forgotten nothing. The English Government, blind to the lessons of history, still relies on the futile methods of force and coercion.

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The Coalition remedy for the growing discontent in Ireland is tanks and machine-guns, with occasional hints of "Home Rule" legislation which is a travesty of democratic government. That way lie chaos and disaster. Ireland may be bludgeoned into temporary quiescence, but the problem will never be solved by the policy of "iron rule" which for nearly half a century has been damned and discredited in the eyes of enlightened statesmen. The stern warning of "A. E.," the eminent Irish author and patriot, uttered during the Dublin strikes, is as appropriate and as timely to-day as it was when Connolly and Larkin were fighting the combined forces of Murphyism and Plutocracy.

You may succeed in your policy and ensure your own damnation by your victory. The men whose manhood you have broken will loathe you, and will always be brooding and scheming to strike a fresh blow. The children will be taught to curse you. The infant being moulded in the womb will have breathed into its starved body the vitality of hate. It is not they—it is you who are blind Samsons pulling down the pillars of the social order.

Once more, Toryism and Plutocracy are combining to stamp out the new movement among the working classes in Ireland. They will fail again, as they failed before. The seed sown by James Connolly will bear fruit in the fulness of time. Though dead he still speaks.

The men and women of Ireland who have taken as their ideal, "A nation once again" will find no more loyal friends than those who, realising the essential unity of Labour and National ideals, are endeavouring to build up a free and independent Scotland—to restore our ancient Parliament and establish a Scottish Co-operative Commonwealth.

WILLIAM DIACK.

## *The Teaching of Scottish History.*

**I**N any well-ordered system of education, the teaching of the national language, literature, and history should take a very prominent place. Yet in Scotland we usually find that the position accorded to these subjects is indeed far removed from being that which their importance demands. Scotsmen sometimes pride themselves on their love of education ; but it must be confessed that the type of education given in the vast majority of our schools is far removed from being definitely national. It is more English than Scottish, more Teutonic than Celtic. This educational system may turn out good cosmopolitans, if that be a virtue, though many are of the opinion that the cosmopolitan type of mind is one of the most uninteresting and nationally useless that can be produced. It certainly does not turn out good Scotsmen, as witness the lamentable indifference to national matters, and the equally deplorable zeal for imperialism so characteristic of the students at our universities. This attitude on the part of the rising generation is almost entirely due to neglect of the national element in education. Neglect of the ancient national language and literature has frequently been complained of in the Scottish press, although with but little practical result. In the present paper, I propose briefly to deal with neglect of Scottish history in the curriculum of our schools.

It may be urged that of late years more attention



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than formerly has been paid to the teaching of Scottish history, and that, within the last decade or so, various elementary works suitable for school use have been published. We have only to turn to the pages of these books to be speedily enlightened as to the extent of their national leaning. Without exception, they are written from the "British" standpoint, and Whiggery, in some form or other, is the political creed of their authors. The "Union" of 1707 is regarded as a priceless blessing, in spite of all the crushing evidence to the contrary that has been adduced. The illegal means by which the Treaty was passed are at best glossed over, the end fully justifying the means, according to these pro-Union historians. The obvious fact that "Union," and even alliance, with England dragged Scotland into the vortex of English imperialism, thereby exposing our country to hitherto unknown political dangers, is not so much as hinted at. The illegal terminology of "Great Britain," "British," and so on, is accepted without question. Also, needless to say, the orthodox historians are altogether silent on the subject of the Scottish Republican movements in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

If we go back a century or two, we find, as a rule, evidence of the same pro-English bias, although not in so extreme a form. The so-called Reformation is treated in the same way as the Treaty of Union, being falsely regarded as a thing of almost unmixed blessing to Scotland. Sometimes, a word of regret is expressed in relation to the mutilation and destruction of religious buildings and national MSS., but

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scarcely a word in denunciation of the shady means by which the Reformation was brought about, and the confiscation of the Church's patrimony by greedy and voracious "nobles," many of whom had treasonable correspondence with England. The same pseudo-historical works place Knox on a pedestal as high as that assigned to Wallace. The man who was hand in glove with the enemies of Scotland, and who approved the murder, not only of his queen, but also of the statesman who laboured for his country's freedom, is regarded as a patriot, worthy of being placed in the same category as the great hero, who, almost single-handed so far as the nobility were concerned, successfully reasserted the independence of his country.

With one exception, the larger histories of Scotland have much the same tale to unfold as have the smaller books specially designed for use in schools. Prof. Hume-Brown's *History of Scotland* is a work the value of which no student of Scottish history could wish to depreciate, yet candour compels me to say that the last two volumes are utterly vitiated by the absurd Whig sympathies of this author. The Union is regarded almost in the light of something fore-ordained of heaven, to question which would be blasphemy. So far as the Reformation and the religious dissensions and civil warfare of the seventeenth century are concerned, Mr. Andrew Lang's *History* presents a far more accurate picture than does the work of the late Fraser Professor. Mr. Lang, with those rapier-like thrusts in which he delighted, pricked the bubble of Presbyterian and Covenanting infallibility, a deed for which he was never forgiven by the orthodox and the "unco

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guid." But even Andrew Lang, with all his power of detachment and his ability to see through shams, fell a victim to the diplomatic wiles of the "auld enemy." He looked upon the Union in much the same light as did the Whig historian, which is perhaps not surprising in view of his Oxford Education and long residence in England. A "university education," as the phrase is understood by Englishmen and Anglicised Scots, is enough to debauch any Scot.

In yet another respect, our two most recent historians resemble each other, and also the minor writers of school history, viz., in the small amount of space, and the slighting and sometimes inaccurate treatment given to Gaelic Scotland. Evolution in Scotland is too often regarded as the work of English immigrants, who, though relatively few in numbers, are yet magnified into teeming hosts. The Gaelic civilisation is put into the background in these professedly up-to-date works, and everything of English origin or of supposed English origin, is held up for glorification. The coming of the feudal baron, with his ideas of his divine right in his own property, or what he regarded as his own property, is treated as the beginning of a great forward movement in Scottish life, instead of its being exposed and denounced as being the retrograde and reactionary influence it actually was. The "Noble's" frequent stealings of land, and destruction of villages, even in comparatively recent times, are never so much as mentioned. The English school of historians have but little to say, also, concerning the ancient, if informal, alliance between Ireland and Scotland, an alliance which was in every way far more to

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Scotland's interest than was the ill-starred "Union" of 1707. The alliance with Ireland did not put Scotland under the heel of another power as did the "Union."

Apart from ignorant and all too perfunctory references (where they are sound) to the "Lordship" of the Isles and to the "Highlands," the history books beloved of the school authorities usually close their account of Gaelic Scotland with the end of the thirteenth century, an odd step on their parts, but one in respect of which they can plead that they are but following the bad example set them by the late Dr. Skene, the historian of Celtic Scotland, who closed his work with the death of Alexander III. In the two and a half centuries preceding that event, the so-called Saxons of the Lowlands are wrongly supposed to have supplanted the Celts, and driven the remnant of them into the so-called highlands, a proceeding, by the way, for which there is no historic evidence whatever. But want of evidence is a thing that never disturbs the soul of the pro-English writers of historical fiction, any more than it vexed the mind of Shakespeare when he was writing *Macbeth*.

In most of our Scottish schools to-day, the teaching of Scottish history is an absolute farce. Quite apart from the serious errors and omissions we have just glanced at, Scottish history is made base use of by its being made a sort of adjunct to what is styled "British history," a subject which, in actual practice means the glorification of every devious means by which England has built up her overgrown empire. Successful pirates like Drake and Raleigh and Nelson are exalted as



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"national" heroes, even in Scottish schools, while the same process of semi-deification is accorded to adventurers and filibusters of the type of Clive and Marlborough. I well remember the feelings of amused indignation I experienced some years ago, when, a guest in a United Free Church manse, I was told by my hostess that she was about to give an address to the "Sabbath School" children on the subject of "Our Queens," further enquiry on my part eliciting the information that none of the three or four queens to be treated of were Scottish, and that one of them was Elizabeth Tudor!

In some quarters the teachers are blamed for the unfortunate position assigned to the national history in our schools. But, so far from being the authors of this false teaching, or favouring it, the teachers, for the most part, are themselves the victims of it. In school and university and teachers' training college, this pro-English and thoroughly misleading type of Scottish history is drummed into them to the exclusion of any other. What follows? After finishing his college course, the misguided and ill-informed but, generally, well-meaning teacher, passes on to his pupils the errors on which he himself has been nurtured, and in which he innocently believes. In course of time, the children grow up, and taint their progeny with the poison injected, *via* the poisoned teacher, into themselves. Truly, a "vicious circle"!

One of the great needs of modern Scotland is a new school-history, moderate in compass, reasonably cheap, and, above all, uncompromisingly, but not, of course, national in its outlook and tone. Such a work, if in-

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troduced into our schools, would soon work necessary wonders. For that reason, it would be strongly opposed by "My Lords," as well as by all the other anglicising agencies which are ceaselessly at work in our midst. So long, however, as the people of Scotland, especially the parents, tamely acquiesce in alien control of the country, so long will Scottish national rights be flouted and denied, not only as those regard education, but in other matters as well. I repeat that the prime responsibility rests with the parents and teachers. It is for them to take the initiative and to insist that the history of our country be taught in the schools on thoroughly national lines. Let them look to it that they prove themselves worthy of the responsibility that has been placed on them.

The study of historical literature, such as legends and romances, is closely related to the study of history proper. Even in the case of adults, a good historical novel will often afford the reader a far more vivid and permanent idea of the conditions of life in the epoch treated of than, probably, would be derived to him by any amount of study of the original historical sources. In the case of children, however, the historical story or novel has an educational value which it is impossible to gainsay. With regard to the earlier epochs of our national history, epochs which we largely share in common with our Irish kinsfolk, we are fortunate in possessing much illustrative material of this kind—material which is not surpassed in educative value by any similar literature elsewhere existing. Yet these rich stores of knowledge are ignored in practically every school throughout the land! Of Achilles, Hector, Aeneas,

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and the rest of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome, the child may be told enough and to spare ; but Cuchulain—*fortissimus heros Scotorum*—and Fionn and the other great lights of Celtic antiquity ; these must not be so much as named to our youth ! With the anglicised bumbles of Whitehall all things Scottish and national are tabu. The little imagination they possess is evidently under *geasa* to their master, John Bull.

It should be remembered that ancient Celtic literature is valuable to youth not only in a historical way, but morally. Nowhere are ideas of devotion to duty and a cause, love and loyalty to kindred, and chivalry to opponents, more cogently inculcated or more graphically illustrated than they are in the stirring stories that centre about the personality of Cuchulain. It was as much the boast of the Fienne that they never told a lie as it was that they excelled in feats of physical endurance.

Moreover, these early Celtic tales have a high historical value for us moderns. The conditions of life set forth in the Cuchulain cycle are those known to archaeologists as La Tène. The descriptions of dresses, weapons, ornaments, and so forth, in which this literature abounds correspond in a remarkable degree with such objects belonging to that period as the spade of the excavator has recovered to us. There is every reason, therefore, to believe that, however much early Celtic literature may be mixed with myth and legend, the historical basis is sufficient to afford us a fair measure of correct notions as to the conditions of life prevailing in those far-away times. Those conditions—and though I have only glanced at the social ones, yet

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there is quite a respectable body of material relating to the economic aspect of the matter—ought to be studied, in their broad outlines at all events, by our youth, for they are the key to all the subsequent history of Scotland ; and to that house no man that possesses not the key can hope to enter by the proper way. Few things conspired to show more favourably the educational insight possessed by the late Padraic Mac Piarais than the importance he attached in his educational curriculum to these stories of our Celtic past. So far as the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland are concerned, it would be a good service to the cause of cultural nationalism in our country if some of the more striking tales of the Cuchulain cycle were turned into modern Gaelic, inasmuch as the Gaelic in which they are composed is understood of experts only. For schools in the purely English-speaking districts, there already exist in that language tolerable versions, which might well be made use of, pending the publication of the very considerable collections which still remain in manuscript form.

H. C. MACNEACAIL.





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"*Un peu de chaque chose, et rien de l'ensemble, à la Française.*"—Montaigne.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### *Of Money and Riches.*



F money is the root of all evil, it behoves us to destroy that tree with as much expedition, and as little ceremony, as may be ; but I do not observe that those who cry out against strong waters are equally insistent to exclaim "Perish money !" which they should be, if they desire to be consistent with themselves, and to wage war with camels as well as gnats.

It would be easy to prove that the coin of realms is a far greater curse than wine, beer, and spirits. Besides, without money, or some equivalent thereof, how can I buy me strong waters with which to drink myself to perdition ? Money, therefore, would seem to be a necessary means to the accursed thing ; and, if this is so, then, obviously, the first should be abolished our usage together with the last.

Certain men of parts have written books denouncing money, and prophesying to us societies, purged of filthy lucre. These writers have my respect. Nevertheless, the warmth of their arguments has not hitherto prevailed against the coldness of my scepticism. Granting that man here below is little better than animated greed, and that lust of gain is, as it were, the great wheel of our machine (which these authors

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maintain), I see not how the mere abolition of money would benefit our cause and species. For, before money was, human nature is. To take away money, therefore, without first removing the cause to which it owes its manufacture, seems to me vain. Now, the cause of money is the human heart; and we are so fashioned that "being" and our hearts are inseparable. Shylock the Jew knew this, if our well-meaning reformers do not.

Will normal man ever do his appointed task in this world without receiving payment for it in hard cash, and do it, too, all for love of his neighbour, the State, and the human cause? That, as it seems to me, is the real question. For, until the Old Adam in us shall have been so regenerated, to think to bring about Prohibition as regards the usage of money is absurd.

Doubtless, if any "royally constituted man" were ever to descend, or to ascend, to the supreme power in the State, he would set about endeavouring to procure happiness to his multitudes by falsifying with his laws the "economic theory" of history. He would strive, first to create a clean heart in his own people, and, subsequently, to extend the benefits of that possession to other folk. The Merchant and the Trader, the proud propagator of "Trusts," and the manipulators of "Rings"; these, and their like, he would seek to shame into regarding themselves, if not as so many limbs of the devil, at all events as public nuisances of the gravest kind. By the power of his eloquence, and, peradventure, by the force of his laws, he would compel the lambs of Labour to lie down side by side with the lions of Lucre—having first extracted the teeth and

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drawn the claws of these last. Man would be strictly charged to work for his brother, and the common good of our species ; neither to expect, ner to receive, any payment, save the thanks of his fellows, and those generous emotions which a man's own conscience are apt to call into being within him, when virtue guides him and self-interest is *nil*. Are these several things dreams, and is our prospect but vision ?

It may be, of course, that the spectacle which confronts us on all sides to-day, and which engrosses the thoughts, and excites the alarm, of every thinking man is not really that of civilisation marching to its ruin in Commercialism, but merely that of the New (Moneyless) World good-naturedly enjoying a fraternal "rough-and-tumble" with the Old. One never knows : hardly can anyone tell, even those of us who have made a particular study of Political Man, and his whimsical gyrations in the past. It may be, of course, that, on the principle that things are rarely what they seem, and that, further, the more circumlocutory the method, and the longer, more distant, and more difficult the route, the easier it is to demonstrate its superiority to "direct action," Political Man is presently engaged in hastening the advent of just some such consummation as I glance at above. It may be so, I repeat. Nevertheless, hardly are the appearances which confront us to-day calculated to persuade any one to be an optimist.

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### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### *Of the Age of Words.*

Mankind has successively passed through the Ice Age, the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. I include not in this category the Age of Gold, since each nation has its own Golden Age; and the occurrence, as the duration, of these epochs is variously computed.

And now we are plainly come to the Age of Words. And for my part, whether it were better to shiver in the snow and ice, or to run the risk of suffocation in a maelstrom of words—I find a choice of these two evils a hard matter to determine. The whole world is governed nowadays, not so much by the spoken, as by the printed, word. No man is a hero to his own news-sheet. The periodical press of the day is filled with word-jugglers, whose antics suffice to show how much easier, and how much more profitable, it is for a knowing hand to practise credulity on the public than it is for such an one to go the hard way of real progress in respect of thought. In fine, words—mere words—encompass us on every side; and sound has largely usurped the seat of sense.

Whence springs this extraordinary devotion to the printed word? I find it corrupting all ranks of society. Of the New Cult, the periodical press is, of course, the licensed priesthood; but it is very observable that the word made Type has its ardent devotees in all walks of life. Labour Parties are just as superstitious as the rest. They frame, and pass, wordy "resolutions": then they lay down their pens, and, as it were, unanimously unresolve themselves, so as, presumably, to



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afford time to the miracle that is expected (but cometh not) to take place; but I have yet to learn that the way to move mountains is to pass "resolutions" against them from afar off.

I have enquired before, and I venture to ask again, whence is this craze? It can hardly spring from a more widely diffused interest in polite letters; because publishers tell us on every hand that, whilst the vogue for books declines, that for news-sheets is always increasing. Probably, the true cause of the phenomenon at which I glance is to be found in this, that, as a whole, mankind is rapidly gravitating towards a state of synthetic verbosity, in which, not only will our species ultimately lose the power of its reason, but it will become as one of Descartes's automaton, but without the automaton's motary capacity.

Doubtless, love of words is a mere growth of vanity; and in a superabundance of the same there is not necessarily guile. Nevertheless, a republic, or commonwealth, of word-workers is a prospect which no man of feeling can contemplate with equanimity; and that is the dismal bourne, I contend, to which mankind is presently hurrying.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### *Of "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat."*

Noah collected the subsidence of the dreary waste of waters on whose bosom his Ark reposed from a dove, that returned to him with a sprig of green in its beak. Great events are often heralded by some such seemingly trivial signs. One of these, at the present

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time, is to be seen in the tendency (it is scarce more than that as yet) of modern democracies to improve, and safeguard, their power and status through the channel of approved "dictatorships." Plato thought the best form of government, government by Philosophers; and if he did not add "for philosophers," the key to the omission is to be found in his "Laws," which are plainly aimed so as to make sages of lieges.

To my mind, the political creed of fairest hue is Anarchism, which aims to abolish laws by educating man into a state wherein, by reason of his own perfection, laws would be unnecessary. That, surely, is the ideal at which every political creed and society should aim, and towards which one and all of us should strive. Thus, Plato and Bakunin have kissed each other, as it were, across the intervening centuries; for, though the first believed in laws as profoundly as the second denied and detested them, yet were the teachings of both directed to a common end—the emancipation of mankind from State-made laws.

Now if the true end of man, as man, is man wrought to as high a degree and state of perfection as human means can raise him up to, then, plainly, that great object should be our principal concern in life, and that plan or system which most favours it should be the one that is the most favoured by us. Polity or government bent to any other end than this should strike us as absurd; and as injurious as it is ridiculous. And hence it is, no doubt, that the Anarchists attach so great importance to education; since it is plain to the leaders of that political sect, if it is not so clear to those of others, that it were folly (if not worse) to think to put men

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from under the laws; except they have been made perfect enough to dispense with the control provided by them. Therefore, the first charge upon the coffers of any "good" State, as upon the endeavours of any "royally constituted" statesman, should be, to provide ways and means of improving the people, by diffusing among men the blessings of education. It may be objected that all States and all Statesmen (even the most niggardly, pettifogging, and obscurantist of them) have regard to this capital end. Let us allow that they do have a regard to that capital end, even if only for appearance sake; but that is not enough. What is required of them is that they should "scrap" that solitary regard, and, instead, bend all their means and energies to the pursuit of the one and only aim that (humanly speaking) matters—that is to say, the redemption of human society through the channel of education.

The modern tendency of democracies to place the supreme power of the State in the hands of a few approved individuals: in fine, to pin their faith to the polity known as the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," is, therefore, to be commended, if (as I think it will be found to do) the tendency of which I speak springs from an intelligent motive, is directed to good ends, is consciously and deliberately indulged, and is not a mere effect of popular despair and distrust of men's endeavours so to remedy the ills under which we live as to make the way straight for the advent of that "New World" which the politicians of the *bourgeoisie* affect to desire so much, and do so little to bring about. Faint and uncertain beginnings are not unfrequently

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the preludes to great events, and may be aptly compared to the first gropings of one who, from out the depths of unutterable darkness, has been plunged suddenly into the blinding effulgence of the brightest day. In fine, the appearances which characterise the modern democratic world are, in so far as these tend to confirm the impression glanced at above, just those which any reasoning man might expect, who has followed the course of recent political events with some measure of understanding, and is no stranger to what the more active and fertile minds among the proletariat are thinking at the present conjuncture.

It should seem, therefore, that Plato indulged no idle dream when he declared for government by philosophers, leaving it to us moderns to fill in, with the words "for philosophers," the weighty corollary of that momentous proposition.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### *Of the Old Simplicities.*

If the Emperor Augustus lamented the loss of his soldiery under Varus with the words, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" it is surely permissible for us moderns to appeal to Time to give us back our Old Simplicities.

The loss of these, whose name also is Legion, to the modern world is a very grievous one. We are all psychologists nowadays. Our circumstances and surroundings have been so twisted and manipulated by the cross currents of contemporary thought; our sensations, passions, emotions, and feelings have been



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so copiously and mercilessly analysed, refined on, and subjected to every conceivable kind of experiment, dissertation, and test, that no man that looks into the press, and observes its judgments, knows nowadays how he stands as regards, firstly, his Maker; secondly, himself; thirdly, society in general; and, lastly, the universe.

Under these so melancholy and perplexing circumstances, is it not natural that a moiety of the vexed should sigh profoundly for the return of the Old Simplificities? of those simple clear-cut creeds and beliefs which sufficed to our ancestors of yesterday, and formed their moral and mental equipment in order to "the struggle for existence?" Depend on it, there are serious disabilities attaching to a state of militant sophistication. To imbibe too heartily of the waters of the Pierian Spring is as painful as to incur the pangs of thirst by abstaining altogether is so.

These Simplificities of which I speak are not decayed, and no longer useful, because they are old. It may seem superfluous to say it (but the warning is necessary), novelty is no virtue, unless it have merit to recommend it. It may seem superfluous, too, to affirm that not every "new" thing is newness: more often than not, the "new" parts of things vulgarly esteemed so are old; and if the old are not new, then what matters it since, to the novice of to-day, all is "new" that tickles his innocence?

A young friend of mine, who has lately returned from a visit to the country, tells me that the natives of the parts to which he journeyed have old-fashioned manners and customs, and are, to hold his own language,

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"behind the age." "How so?" said I. "Do they wear top-hats on Sunday, and plough their fields with the *cas-chróm*?" My novice admitted that the people he charged with backwardness did neither one thing nor the other. "But," said he, "they are behind the age, nevertheless. You realise this when you ascertain how simple their ideas are."

"In what respect are their ideas simple?" said I, wishing to probe this matter to the core.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the novice dubiously. "It were hard to say: all I can tell you is, they *seem* simple. That is the impression they gave me, at all events, and I conversed with numbers of them." He was silent for a moment, and then he added with that briskness which is apt to accompany the delivery of the saving after-thought. "You see, they are out of the swim; their lives are scarcely touched by the complexities of modern existence."

I begged leave to doubt the truth of my young friend's explanation, which humour was the more confirmed in me when I came narrowly to examine him touching the nature of these alleged complexities, by which he appeared to set so great store, and touching which he made so vast a to-do. I found that himself had but the haziest notions regarding the why and the wherefore, the origin and the substance, of the elusive phenomena which filled so large a space in his mind, and that he had, as it were, merely caught the infection of his ruling posture from others, who, doubtless, had communicated the disease to him, as themselves had acquired it of members of their kind.

On a view of the whole matter, it seems to me that

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there is thus much of truth in the notion of my friend ; that the occasions and casualty of thought tend to become more numerous, and doubtless more complex, as the age of man increases, and as those that inhabit the world are brought more and more into touch with one another, which is but reasonable to believe, inasmuch as our own lives tend to become the more crowded with thought the longer we live, and the more we get to know life. But this is not to say that there are no busy fools in our midst, or that the Old Simplicities are decayed.

RUARAIÐH ARASCAIN IS MHAIRR.

*(To be continued).*



## "The House with the Green Shutters."



IN a typical September day, seventeen years ago, there was laid to rest by the banks of the classic Ayr, and amongst those who in their own age and day had fought a good fight, one who, if not a genius of the first rank, was, at all events, mentally endowed much above the average of his fellows. He was laid to rest beside the remains of his mother, to whom in life he had owed much, and who had tinged his own career and conduct with her strong and tender personality.

After a brief illness, George Douglas Brown had passed away at the house of a London publisher, one of his most intimate and staunchest friends. And now the whole literary world sorrowed on account of him. An engaging and virile personality had been cut down on the very threshold of expectant youth; a tree, that promised to bring forth abundantly of good fruit in due season, had been rooted up and laid low by the blast of death.

The homage paid to the genius of the deceased novelist at the graveside was complete in so far as it contained at once resignation and admiration, and embraced understanding. The illegitimate son of an Ayrshire farmer, Brown, like Burns, had found life no bed of roses. To him, as to the other, the world was passing cold, and all that therein is unresponsive.



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Nevertheless, the bitterness of his lot had not dulled his finer feelings. Nature, in all her varying moods and aspects, he ever loved. The infinite beauty of land and sea and sky carried to him an immense and irresistible appeal. And among the humble peasant folk ever was he hail-fellow-well-met on the “hairst rig.” Himself sprung from the peasantry, he knew well the strength and weakness of his kind. Their simple ways and the musical lilt of the Ayrshire doric drew them to one another’s hearts closer than any words of mine can tell. Yet this typical product of Ayrshire soil had all the polish of the schools. He was well read in the classics, and though in a measure an intellectual prodigy, yet in the cornfields of Ochiltree, the “orra man” received and loved him as a brother. Into the boisterous “daffin’” of the merry girls of Kyle he entered with a zest that would have raised an approving smile in sour old Carlyle himself.

So, at the graveside of this fine flower of man’s genius, the world of letters mourned—grieved for talent prematurely cut off, and high endeavour unseasonably stilled. Oh, the pity and the pathos of it all! Death, where is thy sting? grave, thy victory?—if not at the sepulchre of youthful genius!

Bury me deep on the Bennan Hill,  
Where I may face the sea,  
And sleep a long and blessed sleep  
Till Christ shall waken me.  
The whaup may skirl in the lonely sky,  
And the sun shine miles aroon,  
And quately the stately ships gae by,  
But I’ll be sleeping soun.”

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This pathetic wish of his has been partly fulfilled, for now Brown sleeps nigh the sea, and lo! as he slumbers, "quately the stately ships gae by."

George Douglas Brown was not, as many are apt to think, a single-book man. The author of *The House with the Green Shutters*, published other works anonymously. That particular effort was given to the world as the work of one "George Douglas," but as it was dedicated to Mr. William Moybin, for many years the rector of Ayr Academy, it was not necessary to call in a private detective in order to solve the mystery of the identity of the real author.

Brown died a poor man; and though reasonably proud of his parts and his successes, never did he carry his head too high, or speak with a stiff neck. To the last, he was just "Geordie Brown" to his intimates, and those who in the flesh walked and talked with him; those privileged ones, I say, will always think of him as such.

Many stars deck the literary firmament, but it would be impossible to say with any degree of certainty at the present time whether or not the author of *The House with the Green Shutters* will shine to all posterity. Undoubtedly, that work has not to-day the appeal which it at one time addressed to the reading public. Recent reprints have been selling at a few pence per copy, which is unpleasantly symptomatic, if we call to mind the fact that over 20,000 copies were sold in these islands and in America during the year that followed the publication of the first impression of *The House with the Green Shutters*.

It was whilst Brown was residing at Haslemere in

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England that he read a portion of the MS. of *The House with the Green Shutters* to a few friends, and it was in accordance with their advice that he expanded and otherwise improved his now famous novel. Brown worked with zest at the book, and was well aware that it drew a brutal picture of certain aspects of contemporary Scottish life. Indeed, the amazing candour of his portrayals so much alarmed the author of them that he waxed fearful lest he should expose his own character to misinterpretation; for in divers respects Brown was the very antithesis of his theme. However, art spurred him on. He liked not the "Kailyard" scribes, and his book (he once told me) was written as a counterblast to that (then) much-advertised school. It was Professor Raleigh's opinion that the novel "stuck the Kailyarders like pigs," and, doubtless, so it did. Even the long day of literary hyperbole and exaggeration must come to a close sometime!

Yet, *The House with the Green Shutters*, though it flattered not Scotland, depicts an aspect of our civilisation that is deserving of notice—and castigation. The book deals with the life of a small southern town. John Gourlay, the principal character, is cock of the local walk, domineers abominably over everybody, including his wife and family, and is the best-hated man in the parish. To him and his to walk, there enters a certain stranger, whereby Gourlay's pride is wounded, and his business ruined before very long. His wife he dubs a "thowless" creature—a mean slattern who "tholes" patiently, while his son and daughter are set down as miserable weaklings. The girl has a "sair hoast," being far gone in consumption, and as for the

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son, he is nothing but a drunken sot, and as destitute of understanding as the sheep of the hills. The lad, expelled from Edinburgh University, returns home and quarrels with his father, whom he kills with a blow of the poker, afterwards shortening his own ill-spent life. Mother and daughter also end their days under what the newspapers would describe as "melancholy circumstances," and not a soul in Barbie sheds a tear. The "buddies" of Barbie—a number of whom are drawn with a masterly hand, especially the sly hypocritical Deacon of the lisp—gloat over the sorry details of the sordid tragedy; and finally the shutters are drawn to on a scene of gloom and despair, unrelieved and profound. "It's ugly; but is it Art?" asked the late Andrew Lang. "I think it Art," he replied, answering his own question, "but it is freakish and thrawn." And that criticism just about hits the nail on the head. Brown and his genius were somewhat of an enigma to some of his critics and friends, and to many *The House with the Green Shutters* will remain a mystery to the end of their days. Needless to say, there is no such town in Scotland as "Barbie," and in the whole wide world no quite such company of townsfolk as Brown gathered together in his pages is to be found, or ever will be discerned, in all probability. All the characters are tarred with the same brush, which is contrary to what are styled the "canons of Art," and even opposed to the verities of Human Nature, if I may be allowed to whisper a word in behalf of the average popular novelist's Secondary Consideration. The souls of "Barbie" are the souls of the predestined damned, and God has ostentatiously turned His back on them.



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Nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that *The House with the Green Shutters* was penned of, and with, a very decided purpose—to wit, to remind us that sinners among us are ever more numerous than saints, and that Scotland as a country is, like the sun, full of spots. Inevitably, the garrulous author of a once notorious satire—*The Unspeakable Scot*—pounced on Brown's work, and quoted from it with exuberant glee. Curiously enough, "George Douglas" rather resented this license, but his annoyance never went so far as to give the English buffoon the public castigation he—a mere groundling—doubtless yearned for. Instead, he "closed the incident" with a pregnant silence so far as the press was concerned; but the base purposes to which Crossland had put his unmeasured strictures continued nevertheless to vex Brown's soul, even as the thing which is raw.

It was Brown's notion that good writing should "jump out of the page." Doubtless, the test of a good novelist consists in his ability to have and to hold his reader's attention. But Brown's fault, as a writer, was, that he carried his maxim too far. In short, he was too eager to "arrest" attention, which led to his outraging the verities, and doing violence even to the probabilities. It has been said before, and I repeat it: man is not wholly vile. In his complex composition there is a bit of the conventional devil as well as not a little of the conventional angel. Brown knew this, but, oddly enough, neglected to say it.

George Douglas Brown died on August 28, 1902. When death laid him low, he was busy planning several new works—a study of "Hamlet" for one thing, a

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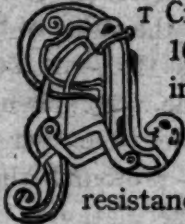
romance of the days of Oliver Cromwell for another, and a problem novel to be entitled "The Incompatibles" for a third. Had he lived, these and, possibly, other works would have enabled us to form a better judgment as to the merits of his genius and as to the value of his contributions to contemporary letters than his premature demise enables us to do. The accomplished strokes, however, of fate and fortune were ever ill repining; and what vanity is more profound than that which takes its rise in useless speculation?

But in what lies the power of *The House with the Green Shutters*? Its strength consists in its word-painting, its delineations of character—extravagant though both may be—and in its intensely dramatic, almost melodramatic, situations. Murders and suicides stalk through the book. There is no "love" in it—scarce a vestige of a sign of a single generous impulse of the human heart. Here, too, is no confirmation of the vulgar creed that, failing our grandmother the State, a man's natural keeper is his neighbour; and, finally, the author holds out no hope as to the ultimate moral unification of our unhappy species. Such, in a nutshell, is *The House with the Green Shutters*, with all its merits and all its faults.

In the press of his own day Brown was sometimes described as a "Kailyard rebel," and the characterisation is just; for when one comes to think of it, it was precisely in respect of acts of rebellion against social and literary convention that his strength, as, doubtless, his weakness, was shewn forth.

J. M. MURDOCH.

## *How the Bass was Held.*

 Cromdale, on the night of the 1st of May, 1690, the Highlanders who had remained in arms after the death of Dundee at the victorious battle of Killiecrankie were surprised, and, in spite of a stubborn resistance, finally routed by Sir Thomas Livingstone, at the head of seventeen troops of dragoons and three regiments of infantry. Amongst those who fell into the hands of the enemy were four officers, Michael Middleton, Hallyburton, Roy, and Dunbar. They were sent south to Edinburgh and thence transferred as prisoners to the Bass.

From its commanding position, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, the Bass, a precipitous islet situated about two miles from the nearest point of the Lothian coast, and rising to a height of three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, was, in olden days, considered to be one of the important strongholds of Scotland. According to Hector Boece, to whom we owe one of the earliest descriptions of it, this "wonderful crag," as he calls it, was of such natural strength owing to its practical inaccessibility—for "na schip nor boit may arrive bot allanerlie at ane part of it"—as to be "unwinnabill by ingine of man." It may be understood from these words that the Rock was used as a fortress in his day. That such was the case a very few years later is put beyond doubt by Jean de Beaugué, a French military leader, who came to Scot-

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land in 1548. Giving it a quaint name, which does not appear in any other reference to it, he says that the "Isle des Magots" was held by five or six score men, a remarkably strong garrison in those days. And he adds the interesting detail that when he visited the Castle that had been built on the south side of it, just above the somewhat less precipitous spot to which access was not absolutely impossible, he was hoisted in a large basket from his boat to the battlements.

In course of time, the Bass, like many another stronghold, degenerated into a state prison. At the present day, what is best and most widely known of its interesting history is that, in Covenantee days, it was used for the detention of those whose religious views had rendered them obnoxious to the Government. Of the appearance which it presented at this time a very good notion may be had from one of the plates in Slezer's "*Theatrum Scotiae*." The fortifications consisted of a strong wall, surmounted by a battlemented parapet and flanked by towers. In the middle of it, there was a battery of which the guns commanded the ledge that supplied a precarious landing-place. The governor's house stood at some distance behind the eastern extremity, on the site now occupied by a lighthouse. A narrow gallery separated the outer wall from the buildings which served to house the garrison and the prisoners, and which were situated to the rear of the battery. Only the tops of their roofs and their chimneys were visible from the outside. Below the battery, on a natural ledge that sloped down from the foot of the crenellated wall to the top of the lowest ridge formed by the belting of sheer cliff on this



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south side, there stood a crane which was used for the purpose of unloading the provisions and ammunition which the Castle boat periodically fetched over from the mainland, and of hoisting the boat itself out of reach of the waves or of a possible enemy. Even after a landing had been effected by clambering up to this spot, access to the fortress was not gained. It could only be entered through a narrow opening which had been made for the purpose in the eastern abutment of the massive wall and which could be closed by a heavy, iron-studded oaken door.

In 1688, the governorship of the Bass was held by Captain Charles Maitland. The government that came into power after the Revolution called upon him to hand it over to Fletcher of Saltoun, or rather, to a Mr. Wood, a deputy who had bought the appointment from him. But Maitland, trusting to the loyalty of the fifty men whom he commanded and feeling secure in the impregnability of the fortress, refused to obey the orders of a Government set up by a King to whom he had sworn no oath of allegiance, and a kind of siege or blockade of the Castle ensued. The situation thus created gave rise to a correspondence between Sir John Dalrymple, who, by his treason, had retained his office as Lord Advocate, and Lord Melville, William's Secretary of State for Scotland. Dalrymple, who did not treat the matter lightly, was in favour of negotiation and compromise. He made much of the resources which Maitland could fall back upon. It would be very difficult, if not absolutely impossible, he urged, to starve out the garrison as long as it could depend on the solan geese, which, in those days, were commonly

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used as an article of food. And, moreover, as experience had already shown, Maitland and his men, with the craft at their disposal, had many opportunities of levying toll from passing ships, as well as of raiding the adjacent coast, and did not fail to avail themselves of them. In the circumstances, he was of opinion that terms should be offered and suggested "to indemnify the Governor of the Bass for life and fortune." Such terms seemed to the Secretary and the Council to be unduly lenient; and it was decided that the blockade should be continued. But it does not seem to have been carried on with much vigour; and no great success was to be expected from anything that could be achieved by Wood, the deputy by purchase, who was conducting it with the ridiculously insufficient force of twenty men, "including a sergeant, a corporal, and a drummer." Maitland, on his side, after having been at first encouraged in his resistance by the hope of a speedy restoration of the Stuart King, began to lose heart as month after month passed by without bringing him nearer to its fulfilment. In 1690, he surrendered the Castle to the Government, and Wood was able to enter into possession of what he had paid for.

It was to the custody of Wood that the four Jacobite prisoners were committed. Except for the loss of liberty which it necessarily entailed, their fate was not such as to call for any extraordinary display of fortitude and endurance. It was internment rather than imprisonment that awaited them. The security of the Rock as a place of confinement ensured compensating advantages to those who were relegated to it. It was only in exceptional circumstances and by way

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of additional punishment that they were kept immured within their cells during the day. Otherwise they were allowed the liberty of the islet from which there was but little fear of their being able to effect their escape, or even of their attempting to do so. Inter-course with the garrison was not denied them, and opportunity was thus given to the Jacobites not only to obtain tidings of the outer world, but also to ascertain the temper and disposition of those who were hardly better than fellow-captives. In this way they learnt two things that set them thinking. In the first place, they gathered that, although officialdom, for obvious reasons of self-interest had accepted the accomplished fact of William's usurpation, there were many outside the pale whose sympathies were still with the House of Stuart. Then, as the result of careful and shrewd observation, followed by cautious sounding, they satisfied themselves that the Sergeant on whom Wood depended for the details of organisation and administration, was not a man whose fidelity and sense of duty excluded every consideration of his own advantage. At these discoveries their thinking began to take the more definite shape of planning. They had not been a year on the Bass when the promised connivance of the sergeant enabled them to work out a scheme that would effect a radical change in the conditions of their occupancy of the fortress.

For those whose duty condemned them to the monotony of a life on the Rock, the arrival of the boat that brought coal, provisions, letters, and outside gossip, was an exciting occurrence. Not only was the tender met by a fatigue party detailed to help in

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unloading her, but she also attracted to the neighbourhood of the landing-place most of the other members of the little garrison, with the exception of the sentry stationed at the outer gate. To watch the busy scene the battlements afforded the prisoners a point of vantage of which they were allowed to avail themselves. What they noted on these occasions suggested to them a plan of operations of which the very boldness seemed to promise success and which only awaited a favourable opportunity to be carried into effect. That opportunity presented itself when one day the boat made its appearance during the Governor's temporary absence on the mainland. The sergeant, who had been won over, devised pretexts for getting all the garrison outside the Castle. The Jacobite prisoners had completed their preparations and were ready for action. Dividing themselves into two parties, they were able simultaneously to overpower the unsuspecting sentry and to close the massive gate at which he stood on guard. Then, armed with muskets, which they had hastily snatched from the guardroom, they sprang to the battlements and, with levelled pieces, called upon their late keepers to get into the boat at once and to make for the shore. They had made too desperate a beginning to leave room for doubt as to their determination to carry out their threat to fire, if their order were not obeyed. The outwitted and crestfallen garrison was obliged to accept the only alternative left it and was glad to get as quickly as possible out of range on its way to the nearest coast.

The news of the coup-de-main by which the prisoners had made themselves masters of the Bass soon



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spread through the country round about. As they had expected, and may very possibly have been promised beforehand, volunteers were not long in coming over to swell their number ; and well-wishers in anticipation of the obvious sequel, sent over supplies to enable them to hold out. Royal approval and royal assistance stimulated them further to carry their bold enterprise through to an issue which it was hoped might be successful. On learning what this little band of loyal adherents was doing and risking for him, King James sent them, not only his encouraging congratulations and thanks, but also a ship with further stores, and what was no less helpful, two boats for their own use, "one that carried two pattararoes and twelve muskets, and was rowed with twelve oars, and another smaller boat." There is no very full account of their exploits, but casual mention of some incidents enables us to understand the nature of their offensive operations, which, for greater security, were mostly carried out by night. It is recorded that, on one occasion, they sallied forth, held up and boarded an unsuspecting merchantman laden with salt, and that, after having summarily requisitioned "what was convenient," they retained possession of the ship itself until the Edinburgh owners had paid ransom for it. For such commodities as sheep and coal, which there was less opportunity of procuring by levying toll from passing vessels, raids were made on the undefended Isle of May and on both the Lothian and the Fifeshire coasts. Mention is made of one disastrous failure which must have been felt as a heavy blow by the holders of the Bass, for it cost them the loss of four of their number as well as of one

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of their boats. It was not, however, directly owing to the action of the enemy that this set-back was due. It was owing to the wild weather which so often makes the navigation of the east coast dangerous.

A party had gone out to seize a vessel which, on being boarded, was found to be laden with wheat. Whilst the captors with their valuable prize were making for the Bass, a storm suddenly arose. It was of such violence that it drove both vessels so far out of their course as Montrose, where as a desperate resource they were run aground. That many of those who had set out from the Bass were able to make their way back to it does not seem to be very probable. It is known that four of them, including Captain Hallyburton, one of the Cromdale prisoners, were captured, brought to trial, and condemned to death as rebels. The names of the others were Captain William Frazer, Mr. William Witham, and Mr. William Nicholson. The capital sentence was not carried out on them. After lying in prison in Edinburgh they "were reprieved from time to time, till set at liberty by the capitulation."

Although the practical results so far achieved by the Jacobites of the Bass were too slight to cause William any serious anxiety, their open, persistent, and successful defiance of his authority was so galling to him that he felt called upon to interfere personally, and that, as it has been grandiloquently recorded, he "ordered the whole revenue of the kingdom"—presumably of Scotland only—"to be expended on their reduction." The execution of this command did not, however, assume a more threatening form than the appearance in the Forth of two frigates, one of sixty guns, the

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other of fifty. For two days they bombarded the Castle, but, though at short range, with so little success, that they caused no casualties and but little material damage. They themselves were less fortunate. Not only did the fire of the garrison kill or wound several of their men, it played such havoc with their rigging and "damnified" them to such an extent that the "revenue of the Kingdom" had to be drawn upon to the amount of five hundred pounds to repair the injuries inflicted on them.

This spasmodic effort at energetic action having so conspicuously failed, it was resolved to effect by starvation what force had been unable to achieve. Two ships—the name of one of them is known, it was the "Lion"—were set to keep strict watch in the neighbourhood of the Bass. The duty assigned them consisted in protecting merchant vessels from the attacks of the garrison's boats, in intercepting any craft that might attempt to bring supplies from the Continent, and in cutting off, as far as possible, all communication between the Rock and the mainland. The towns on either shore of the Forth were called upon to exercise the greatest vigilance in preventing food, fuel, or munitions of any kind from being smuggled out of their harbours to the besieged. And one of them, at least, Dunbar, availed itself of the opportunity to make a display of its brand-new loyalty. It earned the recognition of a letter of thanks from the Chancellor for having succeeded not only "in seasing the vessel and apprehending the seamen who had been with coalls to the Bass," but also in eliciting from the captured crew information that put the authorities on the track

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of some of those who encouraged the Jacobites in their resistance by affording them material assistance. With a view to overawing such sympathisers, a proclamation was issued threatening no less a penalty than death if they were caught and convicted. As proof that the Government was in earnest on this point, a certain Mr. Trotter, having been arrested at White Kirk, a village some two miles inland, on the south coast, was tried on a charge of "intercommuning" with the rebels, and condemned to be hanged. By way of bringing home to the latter what aiding and abetting them in their treason implied, it was decided that the execution should take place in a field near Castleton, a little to the west of Tantallon, and consequently in view of the defenders of the Bass. These, however, gave a wholly unexpected expression to the concern which they felt at the fate of their friend. They opened fire on those who had gathered about the gibbet to see him die. Their aim was sufficiently accurate to scatter the crowd and to make the removal of the grim instrument necessary, before the sentence of the law could be carried out. It was erected at a spot which their artillery could not reach; and the place where Trotter was hanged is known to this day as Gallowrigg.

Whilst the siege of the Bass was slowly dragging on, King James, in his exile, was not indifferent to the fate of his last stronghold in Scotland. About the middle of 1693, he wrote to Captain Michael Middleton, on whom, as fittest for the position, the command of the Castle had devolved. He congratulated his loyal adherents on the success that had so far attended their efforts to keep the fortress for him and thanked them



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for their fidelity to his cause and to his person. He asked to be kept informed as to the course of events ; and expressed special anxiety to receive reports on the conduct of the garrison, so that, " if there were any disorders, measures might be taken to remedy them." What Middleton probably considered the most important part of the royal letter, was the announcement that provisions, the necessity for husbanding which was strongly impressed, were on their way.

In the early months of the following year, the dethroned monarch again wrote to Middleton. That last letter of his is interesting both from the indication which it contains that the pressure of the blockade was seriously felt, and from the testimony which it bears to the importance that was attached to the retention of the Rock. King James wrote in these terms :—

" We are informed of the scarcity of provisions our garrison under your command is reduced to, and have ordered it to be supplied. We have likewise sent Major Middleton to assist you with his advice in all things relating to our service in the said garrison, not doubting but his experience will be both a help and a comfort to you, and that you will conjointly manage all things to the best for our service by keeping the garrison in union and discipline, and encouraging all our subjects under your command to stand firm to their duty, letting them know they may assure themselves of a due reward of their services and sufferings whenever we shall be in a condition to do it.

" In the meantime we shall send you from time to time what supplies can be conveniently transported to you from this place, which you are to manage with

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all the economy possible, as likewise to do your endeavours, when a favourable occasion offers, to purchase provisions for yourselves by making incursions on our rebel subjects, whenever you can, without endangering the loss or ruin of the garrison.

"That all our Catholic subjects with you may have the comfort of the exercise of their religion, we have likewise sent you Mr. Nichols to perform the duty of a priest to the garrison by administering to the Catholics all the spiritual assistance that is incumbent to his functions."

Major Robert Middleton and Mr. Nichols were supplied with funds by the King's Treasurer, the soldier with one hundred and fifty livres, the priest with one hundred, to defray the expenses of their journey to Dunkerque, where they embarked on board a privateer that had been chartered and laden with biscuits and other provisions. The sequel was tragic for the garrison for which this relief was intended. The privateer duly reached the Bass and cast anchor off it. The defection of those who had grown weary of the long-protracted siege and more than doubtful of a successful issue to it, had reduced the garrison to such an extent that it no longer consisted of a sufficient number of men to unload the supplies. The master of the vessel was consequently obliged to land ten of his crew to help in the work. But Captain Bird of the "Lion" was cruising in the neighbourhood and had caught sight of the stranger. With all sails set, he bore down upon it, before it had had time to transfer much of its cargo on to the landing-place. The master, hastily cutting his cable, and leaving his ten men on the Rock, made off, to escape being boarded and captured.

## How the Bass was Held

Middleton was now in a worse plight than before. With but a slight addition to his depleted stock of provisions he had ten, or if, as seems probable, the Major and the priest had landed, twelve additional mouths to feed. But with all these odds against him, he pluckily held out, gradually diminishing the daily rations to two ounces of raw rusk dough. It was not until, even on such meagre allowances, only five or six days' provisions were left that he hoisted a flag of truce and made known his willingness to come to terms. There was nobody at hand of sufficient authority to enter into negotiations with him; and whilst a messenger was despatched to Edinburgh to bring down duly authorised officials, he prepared for their benefit an ingenious little comedy which he had had ample leisure to devise and with a view to the staging of which he had prudently saved the necessary properties. These consisted in the first place of articles of military equipment—hats, coats, greatcoats—which he took care to have distributed and cunningly set up about the fortifications and on the rock itself, in such a way as to make it appear that the force of which he was in command was still by no means inconsiderable. But what was of even more importance, he had saved some bottles of good brandy and excellent wine, together with a supply of biscuits. The whole stock was brought out and hospitably spread in his quarters, for the entertainment of his Edinburgh guests, whom he invited to refresh themselves without scruple and without stint. Major Reid and two members of the Privy Council, who had been sent down as plenipotentiaries were so impressed by this deceptive display that they made no great difficulty in granting the Governor the only terms on which he would consent to

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surrender. They were embodied in the following articles :—

I.—The members of the garrison were to come ashore with their swords about them ; there was to be a ship appointed by the Government, with fresh provisions, to transport such of them as were willing to go to Dunkerque or Havre de Grace ; and in a month after the surrender those that pleased to stay at home might live without disturbance.

II.—All they had taken and what belonged to them after they surprised the place they were to be allowed to dispose of to advantage, together with their boats, and all things pertaining to any of them.

III.—Such of them as felt inclined to go abroad might stay in Edinburgh until the ship was ready, without molestation, and have so much a day, according to their several stations.

IV.—All who had belonged to the garrison, or had aided or assisted it, were to have the benefit of the capitulation ; those who were dispersed over the Kingdom were to have time to come in ; and those who were condemned, in prison, or otherwise distressed, were to be set at liberty the same day the garrison came ashore, without any fees or other charges whatsoever.

The Jacobites had taken possession of the Bass on the 15th of June, 1691 ; they surrendered it on the 18th of April, 1694. William's triumph was complete. It was assuredly an oversight that, to commemorate the event that made him King of the Bass no medal was struck representing him majestically enthroned on the summit of the Rock, beneath the protecting shadow of the wings of a solan goose !

LOUIS A. BARBÉ.



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### *The National Committee.*

The composition of the new National Committee is as follows :

JOSEPH F. DUNCAN, General Secretary, Farm Servants' Union.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR GRAHAM, M.P.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P.

J. M. HOGGE, M.P.

THOMAS JOHNSTON, Editor of *Forward*.

Councillor DAVID KIRKWOOD.

ANGUS MACDONALD, President, Comunn an Fheearainn, (The Highland Land League).

AONGHAS MAC EANRUIG, Editor of *Alba*.

JOHN MACLEAN, M.A.

NEIL MACLEAN, M.P.

JAMES MAXTON, M.A.

JOHN ROBERTSON, M.P.

ROBERT SMILLIE, President, Miners' Federation.

ALEXANDER WILKIE, M.P.

RUARAI DH ARASCAIN IS MHAIRR.

It will be within the recollection of our readers that the original committee was formed in order to present to the late Congress of Versailles the case of Scotland for separate representation at that gathering. Doubtless, it will also be within the recollection of our readers that a Memorial, setting forth the Scottish claim to separate representation at the Peace Conference, was drawn up, which document, we may now add, was sent to President Poincaré, who acknowledged its receipt, but took, apparently, no further steps in that matter. Thus were the anticipations of the original Committee realised, which of the camouflaged fig-tree of Versailles expected not anything so entirely foreign to its nature as a specimen of our national emblem. To change the figure somewhat, and our point of view also, let no man accuse us of now finding those grapes sour which we knew from the first to be charged with all bitterness, and unfit to be eaten even of pigs.

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### *The National Committee and the League of Nations.*

The present position is, that the Dictatorship of the Plutocrats wherewith the world is presently saddled, has been brought to bed recently of a deformity like unto itself; but whether that abortion will survive is still a doubtful matter. Some, who have been called in to physic this repellant product, maintain that it is not quite so black as common report has painted it, others going so far as to say that, given time, careful nurture, and the necessary healing measures, the crooked limbs may yet be set straight, the sightless eyes opened, the dumb tongue loosened, and the deaf ears be made to hear. We know not how that matter may be. For our parts, we feel not stirred up to prophesy concerning it; for, whether this sorry deformity shall live or die, our notion is that its base parentage has already damned it far beyond all possible repair, and long past all conceivable praying for.

### *The National Committee and its Future.*

Such being the present position of affairs, the question of "What can the National Committee do in order to vindicate its existence?" naturally arises. In the unlikely event of any good coming out of the province we have named, the Committee (should it so decide) could take up the thread of its efforts at the point at which the former was dropped at Versailles, and address itself to the mildly congenial task of baiting the "League of Nations." Indeed, many are the ways (and few of them are like to be less profitable than our first-mentioned) in which the Committee might vindicate its existence. To familiarise the continental nations and press with the idea of Scottish independence is one of them. That one prospect discloses a vista of well-nigh boundless possibilities, not to make mention here of the many things that fall to be done at home.

### *More Work for the National Committee.*

At the same time that the National Committee is giving its attention to high affairs of State at home and abroad, it is possible that it may find occasion to condescend to less weighty matters which lie within the compass of its proper sphere. As an example of the sort of minor undertaking in respect of which its influence for good might be well exerted, there occurs to us the case of a certain Society

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in the United States of America whose members are fond to pride themselves on their being descended of some of Scotia's sons, who emigrated to that country long ago. Our information regarding this body is not of a very certain nature ; but, such as it is, it points to the probability of the existence of some sort of connexion between itself and the original, but now much decayed, inhabitants of the vast continent to which we refer. At all events, there can be no manner of doubt but that the Society we have in mind is organised on a tribal basis, is immensely given to " palavers," and, according to its critics, loves " fire-water," not wisely but too well. Moreover, the same love of finery and geegaws which characterises the mind of the savage characterises also this particular society, whose chiefs and " bloods " however, mindful, doubtless, of their traditionary Scottish extraction, eschew the feathers and togas of the conventional sons of the prairie, and dress themselves up instead, on festive occasions, in the kilt and the plaid of that country whose shores they, for the most part, have never beheld, save peradventure in dreams induced by too copious potations. It is said, too (though with what degree of truth we are unable to say at present), that, though situated in a republican land, yet our Society of hyphenated red-shanks retains, in its " official " nomenclature, a deal of the terminology that used to characterise monarchical and Gaelic rule in Scotland, though, oddly enough, our information is that scarce one out of a hundred of these highly coloured republicans knows a word of Gaelic. Further, it is reported to us that at one of its recent Whigwarmings the Society unanimously passed the following resolution :—

WHEREAS, at the Battle of Bannockburn the Scots and English were drawn very near together ; and

WHEREAS it is a wicked invention on the part of the pro-Huns that in the year 1707 the Scots Parliament was taken away by " force and fraud " ; and

WHEREAS, in the same year, the assigning to Scotland a representation in the British Parliament equal to that then enjoyed by the county of Cornwall proves conclusively that Scotland was accepted into the Union on terms of perfect equality with England.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, God bless the Act of Union and the Glorious British Empire !

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We could pursue this theme with considerable *gusto* for quite a long time ; but exigencies of space compel us to stop. Still, we cannot close these few remarks without observing that we think it would be an act of charity on the National Committee's part were it to send a missionary to the U.S.A., who should be charged to try to persuade the savages of Scots extraction that sit in the darkness of imperialism in that country to drink less fire-water and to speak more sense.

### *Mr. Lloyd George's Set Speeches.*

Considered independently of their extrinsic context, it must be allowed that the successive set speeches of Mr. Lloyd George read vastly incoherently. So considered, they offer a rich and rare choice of suitable comparisons and parallelisms. Some may be tempted to resemble their sound to that emitted by that curious instrument of pagan superstition, the "Bull-roarer," whilst others, less given to recondidity of illustration, may choose to liken them to the haverings of a field-preacher whose reasoning has become entangled in the convolutions of his own platitudes. To the fertile and ingenious mind in quest of seasonable "copy," it is obvious that here is laid open an extraordinary wealth of possible comparisons, parallelisms, and allusions, which last could take on a "classic," or wear a more familiar and homely complexion, according as individual idiosyncrasy, genius and predeliction, as regards comparison-drawing, should conspire to determine that matter. The material is there ; far be it from us, who have no use for it in these pages, to deny its existence or to conceal its source.

The *collective* gist of Mr. Lloyd George's harangues is, however, plain enough. At all events, the capital, or rather extrinsic design of them is so ; their occult meaning or "message," we hope to make clear a little farther on. In the first place, then, Mr. Lloyd George desires to retain office ; and to that end all these speeches have been spoken, and many wires have been pulled, so as to produce a press (and a party), favourable to that capital object. Doubtless, in desiring to retain office once he has got it, as in concerting ways and means to perserve those in power who keep himself so, Mr. George is not singular. He is simply one among legion who have confused the good of their country with their own continuance in office, and the welfare of the State with the ascendancy of the factions from



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whence they derive their support. Conduct different to what he affords, we should not dream of expecting of Mr. Lloyd George. To sneer at him as one like to occasion surprise, did he not act in full agreement with the dictates of his own nature and interests were superfluous. In fine, Mr. Lloyd George is a rogue-politician; knows well all the turns and tricks of the political jungle, and will be dropped in his tracks—if ever he is so disposed of—a rogue as inveterate and wily as ever he was.

### *The Coalition.*

The continuance in power of the Coalition is necessary to Mr. Lloyd George for two reasons. In the first place, a ministry of that complexion is his best, if not his only, means of safeguarding his own ascendancy. In the second place, the Coalition in England is part of a greater coalition out of it; and as there can be no whole without its component parts, so the preservation of its parts is essential to the preservation of any given whole.

### *Wheels within Wheels.*

It is said that frequently there are "wheels within wheels," which we take to mean that often projects visible to the eye contain others which are not so. In the present case, however, it is, paradoxical as it may seem, the great wheel of the Lloyd Georgian machine (wherein the lesser wheels revolve) that is invisible, at all events at a first glance; whilst it is the lesser ones that strike the eye. One of these lesser wheels is the Coalition ministry in England; the great wheel that sets the whole machine in motion is the European Coalition, consisting of the Allied Powers (England, France, and Italy); and the purpose of that machine is, to rivet the chains of Imperialism and Capitalism on Europe.

### *Policies and Conspiracies.*

It is not every policy that is susceptible of an immediate definition, or, indeed, that is intended to discover itself by means of the phenomena characterising it. Frequently, these have to be laboriously collected from divers sources, and through various channels, before the several parts of the scheme can be fitted, and unity and design can be postulated positively as running through, and controlling, all the motions of the whole. Such no doubt is the case with regard to many policies, as, indeed, it is a common feature

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of conspiracies in general. Those parts, or that phenomena, are not intended to be visible to the naked eye. To be so discovered to the world would rob the policy (or the conspiracy) of its due and calculated effect. Both must be prosecuted *sub rosa* until the hour of striking is come; then, but not till then, may secrecy be dispensed with, and the mask be laid aside.

### *The Great Conspiracy.*

It is the nature of some policies, however, as it is that of most conspiracies, that both are powerless long to preserve a secret that which it is of the first importance should remain so, if their ends are to be accomplished. Some policies, as many conspiracies, are too big to remain hidden for very long. They are betrayed before their time; or it may be that the measures concerted in secrecy, in order to the prosecution of necessarily overt ends, "blow the gaff" to the discerning long before the managers are ready to face the risks of discovery. Our notion is, that the present European Coalition is just such an overgrown and unwieldy conspiracy. It is cursed with gigantic feet; and stalk and skulk it never so darkly, the prints of them are visible wherever it goes. There is scarce a quarter of the globe to which these foot-marks are not to be traced, and in which indeed they do not "jump to the eye."

### *The Conspiracy—its Managers, its Tools, and Dupes.*

Conscious Managers, Conscious Tools, and Unconscious Dupes—such is the stuff of which conspiracies are made. In the present case, the Coalition governments represent the first, sundry crowned heads and captains of High Finance the second; and as for the last, all societies and institutions (no matter where situated or how staffed and constituted) that promote, directly or indirectly, the twin cults of Imperialism and Capitalism—these are of the cream of the Unconscious Dupes. Think not for a moment that the European Coalition does not condescend to such seemingly innocent means. All is game that comes to its net. A prince on tour is a State subterfuge, dressed up to look like a Sunday-go-to-visit citizen. By virtue of a current fiction, thrones and their occupants are supposed to be elevated above parties; and these emphasise their pretended elevation by scheming in the interests of the greater Coalition. The tastes and passions of the vulgar, as these are manifested in the popular liking for prize-fights,

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horse-races, etc., are secretly fomented, and as clandestinely turned to imperialistic account. Even purely social issues, such as Prohibition, are pounced upon, and inoculated with a Capitalist content, the idea being that, the "drier" the worker, the higher his value as fuel for the furnaces that generate the steam that make the wheels of "production" to go round. An old man's folly, in the shape of an "Empire League," is blessed and patronised by Government; and the old dupe and his young bubbles are encouraged, once a year, to torture history to make a "British" holiday. In fine, from Leagues of Nations to Boy Scouts, nothing—nothing that is to say that can be turned to profitable account—comes amiss to the Coalition net.

### *The European Coalition at work.*

We have already remarked that the prints of the Coalition feet are great in the land; and if at sea they are not visible, owing to the too impressionable nature of that element, nevertheless there are navies at every strategical point to remind us that, peradventure whilst the rest of the world was safe in the arms of the modern Morpheus—the Press—the European Coalition and its yellow co-conspirators have been up and doing. Germany is to be held by the throat, *sine die* as it were, to the end that Capitalism and Imperialism may come by their own, not as often, as they may choose to do so within the compass of a time-limit, but *per omnia saecula saeculorum*. To Bolshevist Russia it was hoped at one time to administer a knock-out blow; but, that design having miscarried, the Coalition is now content to leave it to Time, Boycott, Famine, and Blockade to reduce that country to the One and the True Fold—Capitalism and Imperialism. The rest of the world is to be bullied and tricked into Coalitionism. Democracy is to be made safe for the world of Capitalism and Imperialism by posting a Coalition soldier at every rebellious door. Countries, like Ireland, Egypt, and India, which are on hunger-strike for independence, will be forcibly fed with a Coalition concoction labelled "Self-Determination"; and no screamings and strugglings on the part of the victims will avail them aught, for, whether they like it or not, they are to be reconciled to Coalitionism "according to plan." The Coalition designs a desert, and will call it Eden. In place of the blessings of Christianity we are to have the Religion of the Top-Dog.

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### *Socialism and the Bourgeois Dream.*

The only force in modern Europe capable of defeating the designs of the Coalition is Socialism. In modern Socialism there are already many mansions, and always "the cry is still they come." But—to change the figure—however much the leaves of Socialism may tend to obscure the wood thereof, it is obvious that, but for the tree, there would be no leaf; and if the trunk remains sound, what matters it though the foliage should become so luxuriant that the wood is hidden? It seems to us that Socialism—no matter what its form—is rooted in two capital principles, and that it will be found that whilst the first implies the abolition of Capitalism, the second will entail, if given effect to, the destruction of Imperialism. Let Socialism, therefore, concentrate on these two supremely important and uncommonly clear-cut issues; eschewing whatever cannot be harmonised with the principles underlying them, and rejecting the counsel, as the leadership, of all such as are not prepared to give the most unequivocal signs of their acceptance of the anti-capitalist and the anti-imperial creed. The economic doctrine glanced at above is accepted wherever Socialism is acknowledged and preached. Its fellow, however, is by no means as generally accepted, as widely and as zealously inculcated, as attentively studied, or as well understood; and to that fact we attribute (1) the acceptance of Coalition office and "honours" on the part of persons nominally professing the Socialist creed, and (2) the present triumph in Europe of Coalitionism itself. Obviously, in the zealous and unflagging prosecution of the opposite policy consists the European democracy's best chance of dissipating the Bourgeois Dream.

### *The Bourgeois Paradise.*

On a day of days recently, Mr. Lloyd George gazed into his festive cup of cocoa, and saw therein a wonderful vision of a "New World." *Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd.* That is Gaelic, and means, "an old woman dreams according to her heart's desire"; but, doubtless, the like of that saying is to be had in Welsh also. At all events, Mr. Lloyd George recently dreamed a notable dream; and now that Science has at long last opened her august portals to the truths of telepathy, we are bound to suspect that M. Clemenceau's recent visit to England was not wholly unconnected with a similar visitation as vouchsafed to himself. It is natural, under these



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circumstances, that the two front-bench-ridden *vieillards* should desire to compare notes, so as to determine the lines on which a common wish has propelled them to dream. It is true that Mr. Lloyd has already thrown upon the films of the Press of these countries, with that *négligence* and *abandon* of diction which so well become him, his version of the Great Vision. Still, though the national modesty may sometimes step in to retard its operations, yet Gallic resourcefulness is proverbial; and is there not in France a law or custom by virtue of which the speeches of politicians are allowed to be placarded on the public hoardings, free of all expense to the privileged senator? We hope it will not be long before the Dream of the Modern Gerontius shall be added to that inspiring collection. Should this take place, we venture to prophecy that the world will be amazed at the startling resemblance between the two versions of the Prize-dream of the Champion Idealists of Christendom.

### *The "New World" Defined.*

The "New World" defined, amounts, briefly, to this; that everywhere Capitalism and Imperialism are to continue to govern the world. It is so ordered and provided by the general sense, purport, and bearing of the Peace Treaty itself; and scarce a day passes that does not furnish its quota of evidence in favour of the correctness of this view. The plan is, that, by gradual steps, devious ways, and the lavish employment of suitable disguises, the democracy is to be brought off from insisting on the fulfilment of those promises by virtue of which it was induced reluctantly to countenance the war. It must not be imagined, however, that the authors of the conspiracy to cheat the people of their fruits of the recent struggle are not cognisant of the fact that their plot is doomed to failure, unless Capitalism and Imperialism can be persuaded to make very considerable "sacrifices," in order that their ascendancy in Europe may be preserved, if not in its pristine vigour and perfection, at all events to an extent and in a degree sufficient to secure the defeat of the opposing policies, and the main end for which the European Coalition (supported by President Wilson), is working. It would be tedious to enumerate all the "sops to Cerberus" which the Conspirator-governments have recently devised, and have deliberately placed in the way of that numerous and powerful section of the European community which they fear, and are desirous to bubble,

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as much as they fear it. Suffice it, then, to say that Labour is everywhere the principal object of these designing attentions, which are all based on the knowledge which the conspirators have that, unless the household of Labour can be divided against itself, its fundamental principles undermined, its rank and file seduced, or its leaders bought, Imperialism and Capitalism in Europe will fall.

### *The European Coalition and the European Strike.*

Before the war we were treated to a deal about the extreme improbability, if not the impossibility, of future general warfare in Europe. Despite the fact that each nation was armed to the teeth, and was bending all its energies to the improvement and multiplication of those instruments of war which it already possessed in dangerous superabundance, scribes and prophets arose who, on the strength of a few ill-digested theories of dubious purport and uncertain significance, declared a "Perpetual Peace." Shutting their eyes to the obvious fact that the Roman counsel of *Si vis pacem, para bellum* contains, not truth, but a lie in specious form, and that, human nature being what it is, the best way to occasion war is to go about to improve and multiply the means by which it is waged; regardless of these truths, we say, the pre-war peace-makers raved, and continued to utter the vainest of all things imaginably vain, until the storm broke, and they and their notions and nostrums were drowned in the flood.

And now the tale is being told us in many quarters that the European Strike is "impossible." The type or complexion of mind which was fond to prophesy to us "Peace! Peace!" whilst all the nations of Europe were striving their utmost to make straight the way to war, has apparently resurrected itself, and is now characteristically engaged in trying to persuade those whom it concerns that the European Strike is "impossible," or if not impossible, is a contingency so remote that to devote time to its discussion were ridiculous in the extreme. *Si vis bellum, para bellum.* If you wish a General Strike, prepare for it. And if you prepare for it, you will get it, as surely as those get war who make ready for it. It is the momentum of preparation that generates the conditions out of which the inevitable arises; but it is the spark of accident, or, it may be, of design, that touches off the explosion.

